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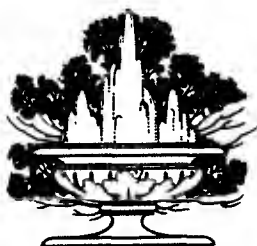
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ROME
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CANADA



ROME IN CANADA



By
J. J. MALONEY
Ex-Cleric of the
Roman Catholic Church

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J. J. MALONEY
THE AUTHOR

FOREWORD

MUSSOLINI, AUTHOR OF A BOOK WRITTEN IN 1912, referred to the Pope of Rome as the "Wolf of the Vatican."

At heart, has he changed?

Is Fascism sufficiently entrenched in the youth of Italy that only one can hold the show? Are the recent differences over education a sign of a coming event? Will the Papacy leave Italy?

We are living in an age of changes. Where would the Pope go?

France is anti-clerical. England couldn't receive him. Spain has recently broken from the church. Austria is a seething pot. The Lutheran countries wouldn't even hear of his residence there. Mexico has recently shown its anti-clerical feelings. Ireland isn't rich enough. But there is Montreal—the "Rome of America."

Canada is looked upon as the strongest and fastest growing Roman Catholic country in the world.

So, fellow Canadians, it behooves you, irrespective of creed, to know something of this religion which claims temporal as well as spiritual powers.

AUTHOR.

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THE MAN WHO HAS WON

I want to walk by the side of the man
Who has suffered and seen and knows,
Who has measured his pace on the battle line
And given and taken the blows;
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong,
Nor scoffed at the failing plan,
But taken his dose with a heart of trust
And the faith of a gentleman;
Who has parried and struck and sought,
And, scarred with a thousand spears—
Can lift his head to the stars of heav'n
And isn't afraid of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man
Who has been through it all and seen,
Who has walked with a night of unseen dread
And stuck to the world-machine;
Who has beaten his breasts to the wind of dawn,
And thirsted and starved, and felt
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts
That the mouths of the foul have dealt;
Who was tempted and fell, and rose again,
And has gone on, trusty and true,
With God supreme in his manly heart
And his courage burning anew.

I'd give my all—be it little or great—
To walk by his side today,
To stand up there with the man who has known
The bite of the burning fray;
Who has gritted his teeth and clench'd his fist,
And gone on doing his best
Because of the love of his fellow man
And the faith in his manly breast.
I would love to walk with him, hand in hand,
Together journey along—
For the man who has fought and struggled and won
Is the man who can make men strong.

—Selected.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHORITIES I POSSESS

THE QUESTION WILL BE ASKED: "Where does the author base his proof for many of the statements contained in this book? How does he know whereof he speaks? Will he be challenged?"

Before setting forth my arguments in this respect I will call the readers' attention to my threefold manner of discourse, namely: First I give Roman Catholicism's teaching, then I show the error and falsity of the said doctrine, but I am not destructive without being constructive, for the reader is able to see the way Protestantism views the same. Thus one is able to judge for oneself.

The authority for my contentions regarding Roman Catholicism is taken from the "Dogmatica Theologia" and "Moralis Theologia," "The Question Box" by Conway, "The Instruction Book" of Perry's, a text authorized for use in Roman Catholic Colleges, the "Faith of our Fathers" by Gibbons, the Douay version of the Bible, and the "Catechism" of Dr. Butler. Coupled with this I add my eighteen years' training at Roman Schools, also seven years' association with priests as an altar boy at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, two years of which I was the leader. The experience I acquired going into some 2,500 Roman Catholic homes on the Catholic Extension is not to be passed over, particularly when I saw Romanism in actual practice.

Then, too, in the last twelve years, I have addressed over two million people throughout six provinces, and it is a well-known fact I have never had to retract one single statement on this question, although I have been

carefully watched. Furthermore, I might add that the church of Rome has on several occasions endeavoured to prevent my speaking. Therefore, to some extent they have acknowledged the veracity of my statements. They know the Truth hurts. It seems quite reasonable to suppose that, had they had an opportunity to correct or deny anything that I have said, they would have done so.

As to my Protestant experience, I confess that I have much to learn, but in the past twelve years I have studied diligently, and this knowledge, coupled with my experience acquired through contact and study, has gone far to convince and encourage me in this work.

May this book be a help to you, dear reader! Fear not, Roman Catholics, I have not uttered a word to which you may take offence. Truth is truth, and that is all I have told. If that hurts, well, don't blame me, for if a shoe pinches, get another—the matter is in your hands. It's a free country. If I am wrong, why, show me; I am anxious to know. But I am afraid you can not. At any rate, God bless you and guide you.

Speaking at Cooke's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, Ontario, August 22nd, 1922:

"I am starting tonight on a career which will bring me many heartaches, disappointments, etc., and I will be the target for frameups, even attacks will be made on my life."

CHAPTER II.

AN APPEAL

FAIRMINDED PROTESTANTS, like the general run of humanity today—busily engaged in eking out an existence for themselves and their dependents—have very little time to be thinking of the dangers of Rome, political or otherwise. Some scarcely have time to read a daily newspaper, and in these days of depression few of our farming class can afford very much reading material. Ministers seldom, if ever, mention from their pulpits the differences of Roman Catholicism; the daily press presents the "Holy Fathers" in a brilliant light; so all in all, the average citizen of Canada who is not a Roman Catholic and judges by individual feeling that his next door neighbor is a pretty good fellow, goes on in the usual humdrum way and says: "leave well enough alone."

The last census taken from coast to coast revealed a marvellous growth of Roman Catholicism in Canada, in fact, the increase in numbers surprised even themselves. But there is another census not published by governments. It is the stride being made by Rome within. How many new convents, nunneries, monasteries, hospitals, colleges, schools, churches, chapels, etc., has this organization erected in the last ten years?

The war took the lives of thousands of men, 88% of the C.E.F. were Protestants. Considering the casualties overseas and the numbers who died since the war of disabilities sustained through active service, one can readily see the fine Italian hand that said: "Don't go. Let the Protestants get killed off and we'll rule Canada afterwards." Thus, as a result of the war, the Protestant

manhood of Canada received a serious set-back. Then a short while afterwards the Roman Catholic church interested itself in an immigration policy which brought to this country Central Europeans in large numbers, and as a result little colonies sprang up in various parts of the west, settlements which in many instances literally drove out the Protestant minority.

Mixed marriages, where a Protestant party is married to a Roman Catholic, are frequent in this land, owing to the wandering of young people from home surroundings and the parental influence. So numerous are these marriages that in one city alone there are 500 instances accounted for in a period of ten years, and the most significant point is that the Roman Catholic church has 80% of the offspring of the said marriages, which is the reason we find so many Protestant names among Roman Catholic announcements.

Canada is a country of ten and a half million people. No section of the country has a greater natural increase than the Roman Catholic parts, particularly Quebec and other French-Canadian settlements.

Therefore, weighing well the foregoing growth of Romanism as illustrated by the war and its casualties, immigration, mixed marriages, and large families, is it not a fact that in a few years Protestantism will be in red figures as far as numbers are concerned? If such be the case, what of our liberty, our British connection, free public schools, in fact all that the Britisher holds dear? Let us consider this question as Protestants, or as free citizens, or even as Roman Catholics, for the latter know full well that their liberty is real in a Protestant country.

Speaking at Banquet of Lions Club, Hamilton, Ontario, Royal Connaught Hotel, November, 1922:

"Material success is wrapped up in the two words found on the door knob: 'push' and 'pull'."

CHAPTER III.

PERSEVERANCE

IF THE WALLS of New York could speak; if those tall skyscrapers could re-echo the voices they heard in the dim past, many a voice would be heard calling out "Evening Times," the "New York World," or, perhaps, "Shoe shine, please!"—the voices of those who have now climbed the ladder of fame and success, leaders in society, finance and other walks of life, who, not long before, were the boys of the street.

And how have they attained that point? Only by perseverance, the dogged kind which knows no quitting or failure; and just as they have persevered in the material order, so must you persevere in the spiritual order. If you fall, pick yourself up again. Remember, Christ fell three times on the way to Calvary, but He attained the objective, and He paid the price at the end of the road, drinking Calvary's cup of sorrow, and being able to say: "It is finished!"

I can recommend no example more fitting than the attainment of Christ in fulfilling His calling and battling to the end. And then when your call comes, the call of which we have no forewarning, you can rest with confidence on the knowledge and security of His word, and think of your reward. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath in store for those who know and love and serve Him."

All those dear ones who have gone before will be there to meet you and greet you. The dear grey-haired dad, perhaps cold in life, stern and severe; he who meant for your best after all, he will be there, to be united once

again with the children he loved. The dear old mother, whose funeral may still be fresh in mind—the day she was laid to rest in the coldness of mother earth—she, too, will be there to meet you and greet you. The pals of the past, the fiancée, the playmates and those whom you loved, they too, will be waiting to meet you and greet you—they will all be there. The little babes whose bones are mouldering in yonder graveyards—they will be there. And last of all, and surest of all, will be the presence of Christ Jesus, and happy will you be if these words are meant for thee: “Come ye blessed of my Father, enter in, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of time.”

Speaking at Zion Methodist Church, Hamilton, Ontario, October, 1922:

“Canada will be a Roman Catholic country if we do not awaken; other countries are throwing off the yoke and we in Canada are adopting it.”

CHAPTER IV.

CANADA'S RELIGIOUS CENSUS

FOR THE INFORMATION of our Canadian readers we have secured from Ottawa the official figures relative to the religious census of Canada.

4,291,000	Roman Catholic.
2,017,000	United Church.
1,635,000	Anglican.
870,000	Presbyterian.
443,000	Baptist.
394,000	Lutheran.
155,000	Jews.
102,000	Greek Catholics.
88,000	Mennonites.
30,000	Salvation Army.
13,000	Bible Students.
22,000	Evangelicals.
22,000	Mormons.
21,000	No affiliation.
16,000	Did not state.
40,000	Confucianists.

Christadelphians, German Baptists, Christian Science, Plymouth Brethren, Seventh Day Adventists, Quakers, Free Methodist, Apostolic, Pentecostals, Theosophists, Nazarene, Unity, etc.—No numbers given.

Comment:—A good example of the different sects of Canada is found in the city of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, where, with total city population of 2,200, there are 14 churches and 2 in the immediate country.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRENGTH OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN CANADA

- 1 Cardinal.
- 10 Archbishops.
- 26 Bishops.
- 5,308 Priests.
- 2,276 Churches.
- 1,038 Missions.
- 4 Universities.
- 483 Institutions of Learning.
- 252 Charitable Institutions.

Hundreds of convents, nunneries, hospitals, monasteries, and millions of dollars worth of private investments. Her total estimated value of buildings, etc., is four billions of dollars, twice the national debt of this country, the greater part of which is free of taxation.

The population of her members is 4,291,000, nearly 43% of Canada's total.

Speaking at a Rotary Luncheon held at Oakville, Ontario, December, 1922, presided over by the Mayor:

"In politics you have to face situations as they are, not as they should be."

CHAPTER VI.

CANADIAN PROTESTANTISM AWAKE

TO EVERY LIFE there is a story; some written by the lines of time and the hands of toil, others by the deeds done and undone. Who amongst us has not fallen short in this regard, how many deeds undone?

Not only does this shirking of duty affect individuals, but it applies to societies, churches, and nations.

How few Canadian Protestants realize the serious situation that confronts them in this nation.

Roman Catholics are slightly under the forty-five per cent. mark, and the remaining fifty-five is made up of several Protestant denominations and a large percentage of Orientals and Jews who are neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic. From a political viewpoint, the air is charged simply because Rome is united and Protestantism is divided, yea even in some places the latter is at variance.

I said in danger from a political viewpoint, because it is on this cardinal point of "civil and religious liberty" that most Protestants are concerned with what is sometimes labelled the menace of Roman Catholicism. In fact, some are not interested in what Roman Catholics believe or religiously maintain, but will openly say: "so long as they leave us alone we are not concerned with what they do believe."

But Rome says she alone has the authority to rule—in fact her teachings openly assert that there is no authority but through the councils of the church, and therefore civil authority must get its imprimatur through the church; this is quite evident where the Roman Catholic

church held full sway, e.g., Spain, Mexico, and at present in Quebec.

But coming back to the matter that interests Canadians in an especial manner, is the knowledge that there is no gainsaying the fact that politically in Canada we are to a great extent in the hands of the priests of Rome, the same unchangeable priesthood that persecuted some of your forefathers of the past.

Solid Quebec, with its central authority, can swing either of the major parties in or out of office—the one exception to that was the solid west in 1921.

Some assert that to offset this solid Quebec we have Protestant Ontario with its eighty-two Dominion seats. Yes, but do the Protestants of Ontario stand together? No, they do not vote religiously. Then there are today in Ontario over ten ridings our French-Canadian friends control, and several others in which they have the balance of power, and such is the case to a large extent in other Provinces. A startling example of this political manoeuvring was brought to public attention during the systematic planting of immigrants during the days of 1924-28 inclusive.

Therefore, a watchful Protestantism is an urgent need.

Speaking at St. Mathew's Lutheran Church, Kitchener, Ontario, December, 1922:

"You Lutherans, with your ninety million members, are the bulwark of Protestantism today."

CHAPTER VII.

PHASES OF CANADIAN POLITICAL LIFE

THE POLITICAL LIFE of Canada is replete with examples of Roman aggression, each instance showing the gain made by this force.

In 1896 Rome was willing to sacrifice separate schools in Manitoba in order to get the major prize of a Roman Catholic Prime Minister, who was later able to give them separate schools in two other provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Concession after concession has been granted to this organized minority, until one is sick of the cry, "minority rights." In fact, one would think the majority had no rights at all.

Separate schools in a country of so many nationalities and creeds is not only a mistake from the viewpoint of creating strife and discord, but as such are discretionary insofar as they, the Roman Catholics, have no more rights to this special privilege than the Lutherans, Baptists or any other sect. What have they done? Not a mark of different dealing should be meted out to one more than the other.

The pages of Saskatchewan history are black with tales of many an injustice which are directly traceable to this dual school system. Whole Protestant school districts were wiped out, for no self-respecting parent was going to permit his or her child to attend a school where insults were daily offered them. In one school district alone, over forty farmers moved away in a single year, disposing of their property, some at considerable sacrifice. The numerous language concessions granted our French-Canadian friends, the special privilege during the

hectic immigration days, the appointments, etc., etc., are all the results of manoeuvrings cleverly worked by the hierarchy of a church which boasts that it alone is the one true church.

Seeing the need of an awakening on the part of the Protestant people in this great Dominion, the question in many minds is, "What am I to do?"

Some feel that the free and open gospel which has brought peace and concord to many a troubled heart should be our only weapon against the encroachments of Romanism, while others believe we should additionally organize in movements and societies, ever watching the pernicious hand of Rome politically. And there is a third school of thought which thinks we should crush even the individuals.

As to the latter method, no fair-minded person will subscribe. In fact, such means would only antagonize, whereas there are Roman Catholics who could be won over to the free faith by proper persuasion. As to the word of God, yes, no greater opponent of darkness exists than light, but even the reformers of middle ages who emphasized the open Bible saw the advantages of organizations and societies to cope with the political menace of Roman Catholicism. In Canada, we have the Klan, the L.O.L., R.B.P., Orange Young Britons, True Blue, Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, etc., all doing splendid work in their own way, to cope with Rome political.

But there is a lack of interest on the part of the Protestant churches themselves. It seems preachers who would, dare not, and those who could, will not. These same men will solicit funds for foreign missions, to convert the heathen, and yet do nothing in their own country to save those who pay money to pray people out of an imaginary half-way house called purgatory.

Without decrying the work of foreign missions, but mindful of the fact that charity should begin at home, does it not seem just that some of the millions sent abroad could be used on the western prairies where there are over 2,000 districts that never hear the word of God, especially when Rome seems to have an unlimited flow of money for her side of the work?

Let Protestants at least pull together, remembering their common cause, no matter what denomination they belong to. There is one motto for all, "Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none."

Speaking at Orange Celebration, Mount Forest district, July 12th, 1933, presided over by the Honorable Dr. Jamieson of Durham, Ontario:

"They accuse you Orangemen of being bigoted, but if you knew what I know, you would be real excited."

CHAPTER VIII.

FRENCH IN CANADA

CANADA WITH ITS TEN AND A HALF MILLION has a large percentage of native born, who insist upon retaining certain customs of race and language which are out of harmony with the vast majority of our people.

This is confined chiefly to the Province of Quebec, where predominate the French language, French customs, and the ethics of the Roman Catholic religion.

Unfortunately for Canada, this part, whilst out of step with every other section, is looked upon as the balance of power at Federal elections. During the war French Canada said this is not our war; France, our mother country, is being punished for opposing the church, and we have no love for Great Britain, so "we stay at home" was their cry. True, the records show 36,000 enlistments from Quebec, but on examination we find these figures, or eighty per cent of them, represent English-speaking Protestants, and of these there are 225,000 in Montreal alone. Quebec, true to its ultra-conservative church, has fought all reforms, refusing their women the vote, denying the widow her dowry rights, insisting on their own church controlling the labor unions, jailing Bible sellers, torturing exponents of free speech (as evidenced quite recently), and exempting church-owned property from taxation, which latter course is largely responsible for the present financial plight of Montreal and the Quebec of the West—Edmonton.

But the above is a picture of Quebec, and Quebecers will say, That is our business. But, is it? Quebec became

part of Canada and agreed to certain requirements, and it therefore becomes the business of all Canada.

Then comes the question, are the French-Canadians confining their peculiar brand of iniquity to their own province? Recent utterances lead us to believe they are enacting a form of gradual aggression which, if permitted to continue, will envelop the whole of Canada.

By the cradle, through their large families, the French-Canadians are a factor in every Province excepting two. The French language is now on our postal money orders, train tickets, paper money, and the Canadian Radio Commission is utilizing French on the air by broadcasts, much to the disgust of the West and Ontario.

Why all this? Simply the hand of Rome. Quebec is French, and Quebec is Rome. Note how even the Scotch, Irish and German Roman Catholics will defend the use of bi-lingualism. It is a case of Church first, for the more influence Quebec gets, the more sway will the Roman Catholic church enjoy. True, the Irish Catholics have no love for the French in Montreal and vice versa, but they unite at certain times, and that alliance is actuated by the powerful dictum whose significance is not fully appreciated by Protestants, namely, "Church first."

The writer was responsible for the framing of the huge petition sent from Edmonton some time ago regarding the use of this foreign language over the radio, and, as some still insist that this country has two official languages, it would be well to repeat the fact that the B. N. A. Act only made French official in the Quebec courts, the Exchequer Court of Canada, the Federal Senate and Parliament, and in the Legislature and Provincial Senate of Quebec. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speeches verify this. And an examination of the B. N. A. Act will fail to find any authority for the false position given the French language in Canada. Why, then, is French on even cornflake boxes,

drug store supplies, etc., articles selling West of the Great Lakes to over three million people, when hardly four per cent have even French blood in their veins and ninety-five per cent of these speak and read English? Just—the thin edge of the wedge.

Here the writer makes an appeal to those Ontario manufacturers who apparently are unacquainted with the true state of affairs in the four Western Provinces to end this language abuse. Remember, the French are negligible out West and the people of many nations and bloods whose children were born on these Prairies and British Columbia want a united Canada through one language.

Some ignorant people say: Oh! the French were here first. No, they were not—the Indians were here first. True, Lower Canada was, and is, predominantly French, but they are a conquered people, for the Union Jack supplanted the Tri-Color on the Plains of Abraham.

Nova Scotia (New Scotland), remembering those from the old land who first tilled her soil, resent the "French first" cry. Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Ontario have too many English, Irish and Scotch descendants to swallow the same cry, and British Columbia, that old British colony, which reluctantly entered Confederation, smiles when it hears this cry. The Prairie Provinces know that their country was chiefly settled by Eastern pioneers who blazed the way by the covered wagon. But history still further back tells us of earlier settlers known as the Hudson Bay Company, a band of English and Scotch gentlemen adventurers. Thus the argument in favor of this French language aggression, justified on the grounds of "official language" and "here first" cries, carries very little weight.

The census shows there are over thirty-eight races and creeds in Canada. In fact, on one railroad line in Sas-

katchewan the writer spoke at ten points, all representing different bloods and races. These people for the most part want Canada as their home, love it, and wish their children to grow up as good citizens, and, outside of their home life, they desire their children to know and understand the only official language of Canada, English. And is it fair for our governments to permit official recognition of any language but English? Have not the German offspring, who number a half million, a right to the same consideration?

If we wish to keep Canada united we must have one common language. Look at the U.S.A., they have one language—even the French from Canada who migrated there soon found that a foreign country had more respect for the King's English than their own native British Canada.

Therefore let all governments beware. This language question will tear the country asunder as sure as the night follows the day. The West for one thing will not take any of this French catering. We are British out here, even though political Ontario has sacrificed its soul on the mucky altar of politics. "Governor Harding" of Iowa warned the Regina people once, and here the author reminds his readers, particularly the politicians, of those words—"Where there is a language line there is a dividing line."

Speaking at Dublin St. Methodist Church, Guelph, Ontario, 1923:

"The Jesuits are strong in this city, but they are known; what about those nominal Protestants who play their game?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH

"NO ROMAN CATHOLIC has the right to think." "The Priest tells them what to do." "The Church dictates wherever possible." These remarks are frequently heard, but our Roman Catholic friends label them as lies.

But let us take the accusations and examine each separately. First: "A Roman Catholic is never allowed to think or form an opinion on matter of dogma." The infallible voice of the church is always supreme, in fact, every single doctrine of the Roman Catholic faith begins with the words "if anyone doubts this 'doctrine of infallibility' let him be damned." This is why Rome is able to boast of one doctrine, for even a Roman Catholic may not understand how the priest changes bread into flesh and wine into the blood of Jesus Christ; he or she must bow their heads and say, "I believe." (credo).

In contrast to this is the freedom of Protestantism, which believes in letting the "Word of God" speak for itself in the heart of every adherent by private interpretation, "search the Scriptures." This is perhaps why the expression of the average Protestant is much more open. There is no confession box in the Protestant church to wrest from its members the secrets of their lives for the information bureaux of Rome in its Jesuitical findings.

Speaking at Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, Ontario, spring of 1924:

"The seizure of the McLarty children of Stratford should make every lover of liberty think of convent inspection."

CHAPTER X.

FOUR MARKS OF THE TRUE CHURCH

JUST AS EVERY AMBASSADOR must have his credentials, and as every trade its mark of distinction or worth, so Romanism says the true church must have its four marks of veracity, and these four marks she has designated as: One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic.

I am going to show that even if one accepts these four points as essentials, they are not truly attributable to our Roman Catholic brethren, but that the Protestant faith, in actuality and practice, can claim a greater affinity to these marks of the true church.

Let us examine first, Oneness. Rome says she is adhering to this by a unity of faith, ruled over by one head.

Roman Catholics, are you agreed on one faith? What about those who yet doubt and are reluctant to believe in the doctrine of intention? And, too, how many subscribe to the infallibility of the Pope, that doctrine you promulgated in 1870? What of those forty-odd bishops who refused to vote and ratify that doctrine?

But why do I need to go on enumerating points of difference within your own fold, when all I need ask you, pertinently, is: "Do you, as a body, really know your own religion?" I have found numerous Orangemen who can put to shame countless Roman Catholics in matters of their own faith.

The average Roman Catholic will say: "I do not know why, but I know it is so." Hence, it is true.

Sure, Oh Rome, you can say you are one in this respect, when ignorance has been your salient friend. Why not unchain your Bibles, abolish your list of books compris-

ing the Index, let your people join Protestant societies and go to other churches? Furthermore, is it not a sin to doubt? Is not Protestantism one, in so far as she accepts the *word of God* as her rule of Faith? "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My *word* shall *not* pass away."

Also you claim you are one because you recognize only one head, the Holy Father. But do you? What of the Greek Catholic Church numbering 250,000,000 souls? Protestantism accepts only one Head and that Head Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and man.

"Holy" is your second attribute because you claim a holy doctrine. But is that doctrine holy which condemns to hell-fire all who question or disagree with it? Is that to be called holy which buries in Potter's field the body of him or her which merited the condemnation of your church? Is that doctrine holy which encourages young girls to enter convents and nunneries and live an unnatural life contrary to right reason and Biblical practise? Is that holy which seldom invites but mostly condemns? What of the Massacre on the Eve of St. Bartholomew? What of the Spanish Inquisition? Rome, you have made countless thousands mourn and grieve, and keep millions in poverty through your sale of religion by that triple alliance of fear, superstition, and terror.

Protestantism can claim Holiness not only in her guide and rule of faith, but in the experience of her members, and in their results, for by their fruits ye shall know them.

What causes that open expression and clear countenance so pronounced on the average Protestant?

Now let us see how Rome claims to be Catholic.

Perry's instruction book says she bears this attribute because she is found throughout the whole world. Is not the Protestant church found throughout the whole world? Were there not Protestant missionaries in the remote parts of Africa and China long before Romanism?

Why do Roman Catholic priests concentrate on the leading nations, such as England and the United States? Is it not just power you love more than souls?

In this regard I wish to remind Potestants of the manner in which Rome refers to us; she seldom terms us Protestants but says non-Catholic, for with them you are either Catholic or nothing.

Then, too, note this, that the word Catholic does not belong to them any more than to anyone else; they I prefer to call Roman Catholics.

Apostolical is her fourth and last attribute, in so far as she has clung to the faith once taught by the Apostles.

May I ask what Apostle ever taught prayers for the dead, or used holy water? Who also ever read of any Apostle putting a price on sacred practices? In what Bible do we read of the Apostles teaching Mary to be Immaculate, or using the mass, ritualism, indulgences, etc., etc.?

But the word of God tells Christians of the unchanging God through His Son Jesus Christ, and that word is our strength and guide; no pope, priest or intercessor is necessary, for we have one for the asking.

Speaking before 10,000 at an Orange Celebration, July 12th, 1924,
at Niagara Falls, Ontario:

*"Be proud you are Orangemen and brave the world, and even
Roman Catholics will think more of you."*

CHAPTER XI.

IS ROME A RELIGION?

UNKIND WOULD BE the Protestant who should assert that Roman Catholicism is not a religion; in fact, one making such a statement would immediately be labelled with the accusation of being a bigot. But if the question was, "Is Romanism the true religion laid down in the gospel of Jesus Christ?" a straight and honest answer would then be "No," because the methods, practices and beliefs are far from the word of God.

The Bible contains the story of Christ and His mission on earth; the command He gave to His apostles is: "Go and teach all nations whatsoever I have told you." And, as every theologian knows, there are numerous beliefs and tenets in the Roman Church which find no substantiation in the Sacred Scripture. Furthermore, many of the doctrines of the Roman church have been instituted as time went on. In fact, it is the only church calling itself Christian that now and then, through the assembling together of councils, proclaims to the world a brand new doctrine. Such happened in 1870 and 1852, the former when the Infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed and the latter when Mary the Virgin Mother of God was declared Immaculate.

The life of Christ, who said "the servant is never greater than the Master," seems to be forgotten in Roman circles, as the style and show of Roman ritualism indicates. No church claims so strongly to be the true representative of Christ on earth and yet goes so far away in imitating Him.

Christ had no garment; the priest can't say mass without a dozen expensive vestments; Christ had nowhere

to lay his head; the Pope, the chief priest of Rome, has a palace of thousands of rooms.

Christ wore a crown of thorns; the Pope wears a triple crown of pearls and diamonds. The Galilean who stood before Pilate had no kingdom, at least as far as earth was concerned, yet the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome has his Pontifical state over which he presides as King. In fact, coins, dollar bills, postage stamps, an official news organ, ambassadors at various courts throughout the land; this in contradiction to that text of Scripture, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

Speaking to over 8,000 at Annual 12th of July Celebration at Brampton, Ontario, July, 1925, Mr. Sam Charters, M.P., as chairman:

"Some day I will leave for the West and make my presence felt for this cause."

CHAPTER XII.

WHY CERTAIN EDUCATED PEOPLE SUBSCRIBE TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC FAITH IN SPITE OF ITS DOCTRINES BEING SO UNBELIEVABLE TO OUTSIDERS.

TRUE, THERE ARE learned men and women in the Roman Catholic faith who apparently subscribe to its tenets: statesmen, doctors, lawyers, merchants, many of whom are regarded as leading citizens of no mean ability. But is this not true of all creeds? Would the fact that many of the people of India are highly learned and exceedingly wealthy be accepted as an indication of the veracity of Brahmanism? or would it be logical to suppose that because there are learned Mohammedans that their creed is true, which says that "for every Christian you kill in battle, you get another wife in heaven"?

Religion to some extent is what one is brought up to, or it may be the result of experiences which vitally affect one's outlook on life.

The Roman Church knows the power of early training. The Jesuit says, "give me the child till it's a certain age." Wherever Rome is able she institutes separate schools in an endeavor to take advantage of school hours for pure propaganda purposes, even the geography, and, much more so, the history, are taught to suit Rome's ends. Therefore, when one considers that these educated Roman Catholics, for the most part, went through this method of education, it is a case of "as the twig is bent the tree inclines."

But the question is often asked, "Why, there is so-and-so, a very learned and successful lawyer, and yet he sub-

scribes to the Roman Catholic faith." But a man may be a great success in one walk of life and a failure in another; in fact, a third grade child might ask the head of our supreme court a hundred questions, half of which he might be unable to answer. Furthermore, superstition and fear are powers or forces which will influence an educated mind as well as any other, in fact, it is not uncommon to find instances of sound common sense among ordinary persons far transcending that of many so-called educated persons. Common sense and sound judgment are not necessarily prerogatives of education.

Then there are Roman Catholics gifted with an intelligence above the ordinary, but brought up in an atmosphere of prejudice not permitting their minds to think on matters dogmatic, accepting as truth all that the Holy Mother church teaches them. In fact, it is a sin in the Roman Church to even doubt one's faith.

Furthermore, the Roman Church carefully guards her doctrines, none of her faithful being permitted to read any book or treatise against their teachings, or attend a Protestant service. In fact, it is a serious sin and a matter for confession if a Roman Catholic knowingly subscribes one cent towards any Protestant enterprise. Certain books which Romanism fears are placed on the "Index" which is the forbidden list; even the theology books are denied to a layman without first receiving special permission. In fact, a Roman Catholic could not publish a treatise on his church and its doctrines without first submitting same to the clergy.

Thus surrounded by all these safeguards and couched in the aroma of security and resting in the power of a priesthood supposedly endowed with preternatural powers, is it any wonder the Roman Catholic church holds her members so securely?

A point of great significance to bear in mind under this heading is the fact that a person's environment and

associates to a large extent guide his destiny and direct his life. In a case where a man's wife and family are devout Roman Catholics, it would be hard for him to change his religion even if he felt disposed to do so. Furthermore, it would mean ostracization by a large number of friends, and only those who have changed from the Roman Catholic creed to some other really know the intense persecution one must endure. Furthermore, if an educated Roman Catholic doubts his faith, his mind has been so prejudiced against Protestantism that he very often falls into indifference or just drifts as a matter of course. Then, too, the divisions of Protestantism, some of which are exceedingly bitter towards one another, has a disheartening influence on many a Roman Catholic.

Speaking to Gyro Club, Palliser Hotel, Calgary, Alberta, summer of 1926, as reported in *Calgary Herald*:

"Canada's resources are ten thousand times greater than the Bank of England."

CHAPTER XIII.

QUESTION BOX

1. *Has the Roman Church much wealth invested in gold and silver vessels?*

Answer: Yes, every church and chapel in which Mass is said must have a *chalice*, a *patine*, *suborium*, *monstrance* and *pix*. The *chalice* to hold the wine, the *patine* to contain the large host, the *suborium* used for the small hosts in Communion, the *monstrance* for holding the large host at Benediction, and the *pix*, a small case for conveying the Communion host to the sick. All these are referred to by Rome as sacred vessels and in most instances are made of solid gold and silver, some being studded with precious stones. Figure out the number of Roman Catholic churches in Canada and then consider that in some churches there are several chalices and sub-oriums; in fact, one church we know of has over forty, and a Montreal edifice boasts of one costing \$25,000. The writer would therefore judge that \$200,000,000 is tied up in gold and silver in this manner in Canadian Roman Catholic churches.

2. *Can a priest refuse forgiveness of a sin confessed in Confession?*

Answer: Yes. Rome teaches he, the Confessor, has the power to "loosen or retain." If a priest hearing confessions encounters a penitent who tells of certain actions relating to childbirth, he, the priest, may have to defer Absolution till he consults his

bishop; if he writes his superior, he must pen the letter in Latin to guard its secrecy.

(b) Then there is the case where the priest may postpone Absolution till some future date in order to bring home to the poor penitent the enormity of his or her sin. In other words, Rome claims that God has delegated to her that which belongs to God alone.

3. *Is there a Potter's field in the Roman Catholic religion?*

Answer: Yes. It is a plot usually outside the fence of their burial grounds where those are buried who have violated certain rules of the church. They who lie in Potter's field are proclaimed in hell, no church ceremony attends their burial, no Mass is ever said for the repose of their souls; interred like dogs are the bodies of these poor souls whose lives were such that the Holy Mother Church says they are lost. It usually concerns departed who died without the last rites of the church and had previously neglected their duties. Some indication of the intolerance of Rome towards Protestantism is noted in this regard, when priests have said that it is ten times better to be buried in the lowest Potter's field than to be interred in the best located Protestant graveyard.

4. *Do the Roman Catholics believe in a Protestant minister's power of marrying?*

Answer: They do not. Some people think that Rome's "Ne Temere" decree on the validity of a marriage performed by a Protestant minister applies only where a Roman Catholic party is concerned, and that the church of Rome has the right to rule what she likes so long as it concerns only her own members. But marriage is a contract mutually binding, and a stern rule enacted for one must of necessity affect the

other party, for every law based on decent ethics recognizes the fact that liberty of action must not interfere with the other fellow's rights. But it might be interesting to some Protestants to know that official Rome does not recognize even the marriage of two Protestants as anything more than a civil act, because she claims that marriage is a sacrament and that she alone has the power over the sacraments.

5. *Since the church of Rome does not recognize divorce, how is it that the late Sir Henry Thornton, a divorced man, was married the second time by a Roman Catholic priest?*

Answer: The answer from Rome's viewpoint is simple. For in her eyes he was never divorced, because he, being a Protestant, was never married, as his first ceremony was a Protestant one.

6. *Since Rome is opposed to divorce, how did the Duke of Marlborough, Marconi and the Duke of Monaco get their annulments?*

Answer: Theirs was not a divorce, but an annulment. The "Holy Rota" claims the power, after certain requirements are fulfilled by the parties concerned, to grant a divorce (called an annulment) where any mental reservation occurred. We note, however, that the list of such annulments chiefly concerns wealthy and prominent persons, seldom if ever a working man. We wonder why!

7. *I understand that a candidate for the priesthood must be whole and entire and possessed of all his normal faculties in order to receive ordination. Why should a church boasting of celibacy make such a demand?*

Answer: Rome says that the priest is an "Alter

Christus," meaning another Christ, and since Christ was a perfect man it behooves all candidates for the priesthood to be as nearly perfect as possible.

8. *Why is it that one seldom sees a Sister or Nun on the streets without a companion?*

Answer: Rome finds it safer to have the Sisters travel in pairs so one can act as a guard on the other.

9. *What is the "Index Expurgatorius"?*

Answer: It is a list of books the possession or reading of which is forbidden to any of Rome's faithful under pain of sin. Even their own theology books are on the Index for anyone but a priest or theologian. Permission may be granted to some on rare occasions.

10. *A Roman Catholic tells me that their church was not responsible for the bloody Spanish Inquisition, but that it was the Government of Spain. Is this true?*

Answer: Everyone knows that the primal purpose of the Inquisition was to put down heresy and crush the rising tide of Protestantism, so why was the Government of Spain so interested? Fact of the matter is that every Inquisition court was presided over by one or more of the clergy, generally a Dominican friar. If such is the case, namely, that the State was responsible, how about the clergy's interest? No. Church and State were united in Spain at the time, and one must bear equal responsibility with the other for this bloodiest court of all history. But the deadliest condemnation on the church authorities is the fact that there is not a single instance where the church officially condemned its practise. Therefore, condoning such an immoral proceeding is in itself sufficient to make the church of Rome hang her head in shame,

particularly when their church was the predominating religion of the age.

11. *The Roman Catholic church has taken the lead in forming a league of decency directed toward a clean-up of the movie industry, and such movement is receiving the support of certain Protestant ministers. What do you think of this?*

Answer: This is a good question, as it gives the writer an opportunity to bring out certain important points.

The movies, we are told, are salacious and suggestive, but investigation shows that the producers are giving the public what they demand, therefore if anything is really wrong it is up to the churches to change the hearts and minds of its followers.

But as for the church of Rome assuming the role of public censor for morals, the writer must smile. There are instances concerning a small body of men who would dare to set themselves up as guardians of movie morals, men who hear the sins of little girls relating their sex impulses behind the secret and mysterious curtains of the Confessional, men who alone are allowed access to the numerous cloisters of supposedly free Canada to hear the confessions of thousands of deluded souls veiled by nunneries in our exempted convent buildings, yes, men who have never explained why Montreal, the Rome of America, recently boasted of a thousand licensed houses of ill fame. Oh! yes, these are the men. These are the churchmen who would lead some black-smocked, spineless, yellow-backed sky pilots in a moral cleanup of the movie industry.

Was a donation asked of Hollywood by Rome and refused? Is it because so many Roman Catholic actors

have left the church through the divorce route, or is it Rome, the master strategist, starting something to get organized Protestantism to follow, and then be able to boastfully say to her own: "Look, we are the real church; we lead, they follow." Beware! Remember "*Timeo*," etc.

12. *Is it not a fact that some of your worst enemies in the West have been Protestant preachers and ex-preachers?*

Answer: Yes, sad to relate, it is a fact. In Ontario the writer spoke mostly in churches, where some glaring examples occurred of "fishing the speaker financially." So when J. J. Maloney came West he decided to run his own affairs and take all responsibility. The result was then different. Jealousy, however, set in. "Look at the crowds going to hear that man, yes, even paying," was an expression frequently heard from the lips of preachers. However, there are a few notable exceptions.

13. *Are some Protestants two-faced with you—fine to your face, and when talking to Roman Catholics belittling your work?*

Answer: Yes, but Roman Catholics don't believe them. If any Protestant reads this who ever spoke to a Roman Catholic in a fashion resembling this: "I don't approve of what Maloney is doing," "One religion is as good as another," etc., etc., etc., just hold your wind. They don't trust you. They think you're just looking for some pull. For they say at heart, "You do, as it's in your blood." If any of you doubt me, see me sometime and I'll prove my point.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROMAN CATHOLIC INVENTIONS

I HAVE COLLECTED a list of innovations concocted by the Roman Church, for which they have no substantiation in Scripture, except through her authority as a teacher, which she abrogates to herself:

Prayers for the dead, which were instituted 300 years after Christ.

Latin as the universal language was begun in the reign of Gregory I some 600 years A.D.

Invocation of the saints and direct praying to Mary the Blessed Virgin was commenced 600 years after Christ.

Veneration of the Cross and relics 788 years after Christ.

Holy water, the mass, baptism of bells and blessing of religious articles, the custom of Lent observation, in or about the year 1000 A.D.

Celibacy or non-marriage of the clergy, 1079 A.D.

The rosary and the sale of indulgences, 1090 A.D.

Transubstantiation, which is one of the chief dogmas, was proclaimed an article of faith which must be believed under pain of damnation; was promulgated in the year 1215 A.D.

Auricular confession by Council of Lateran, 1215 A.D.

Nine first Fridays.

Doctrine of purgatory in the year 1438 A.D., by the Council of Florence.

Tradition was placed on a par with the veracity of the Scriptures by the Council of Trent, 1545 A.D.

Augmented Bible introduced by Council of Trent, when some uncanonical books were introduced, one of which was the Book of the Maccabees, which contains the text by which Rome seeks to prove the existence of purgatory.

Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, 1852.

Dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope, 1870.

What next? And yet the average Roman Catholic will tell you the Church is immutable, i.e., she never changes in matters of faith, and, dear reader, understand every Romanist must believe these dogmas under this curse: "If anyone doth say that such-and-such is not so, let such a person be (an anathema) cursed to hell-fire." Note the word *anyone*. Whom do they mean? I wonder! Why did they not say "If any Romanist doth say"? No, they condemn all Protestants, etc.

Speaking at a Gyro Club luncheon at Victoria, B. C., April, 1926:

"England is great because of many reasons, but one is because of her intense love of sport, which cultivates the principles of honor, fair play, and that humanistic spirit of give and take."

CHAPTER XV.

IS CHRIST IN THE BREAD AND WINE?

CAN THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST in the consecrated bread and wine be proved by Scripture or can it not? Let us reverently turn to Scripture for guidance in this matter:

The Anglo-Catholics claim, by quoting St. John vi:53, that He is with us under the forms of bread and wine which become or contain His body and blood after the words of consecration have been said over them by a priest.

In connection with this claim, we must not forget that, after the flesh, Christ was a man of the seed of Abraham according to God's promise: "That through him (Abraham) all the nations of the earth should be blessed," and again and again our Lord speaks of Himself as "The Son of Man" as well as "The Son of God."

Is it conceivable, therefore, that at the Passover Feast Our Lord should eat His own flesh and drink His own blood and command all believers to do the same? His words can only have the same symbolical meaning and interpretation as when He speaks of Himself as the Door: "I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved and shall go in and out and find pasture," and again, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (St. John iv:14.)

Further, we should remember that at the end of the discourse in which our Lord says that we must eat His flesh and drink His blood, He says in verse 63: "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." That is to say, My words must be understood in a

spiritual sense (for words cannot be spirit), and My words, understood spiritually, are life.

Let us turn to the Scriptures and see what Christ says concerning Himself, when the time would come that He would be no more with us:

"I came forth from the Father and am come into the world, again I leave the world and go to the Father." (St. John xvi:28.)

"I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God." (St. John xx:17.)

"And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to Thee."

Our Lord prays the Father: "That they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold My Glory." (St. John xvii:24.)

Nowhere do we find any trace of a promise on the part of Our Lord to be with us under the form of bread and wine, either in the Gospels or the Epistles.

Turning to the Epistles, we are distinctly told that "Christ is *not* entered into Holy Places made with hands, which are the figures of the true" (referring to the Jewish sacrifices which were the figures and types of Himself), "but into heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God for us."

"For Christ is *not* entered into holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God for us."

"Nor yet that He should offer Himself, as the High Priest entereth into the Holy Place every year with the blood of others. For then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look

for Him He shall re-appear the second time without sin unto salvation." (Heb. ix:24-28.)

"By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."

"But this man, after He had offered *one* sacrifice for sins, *for ever* sat down at the right hand of God." (Heb. x:10, 12.)

Spiritually we know that Christ, according to His gracious promise, is with us always and everywhere.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them."

Judging, therefore, from Scripture, we find no indication anywhere that God has given power to any man to recreate our Saviour, and sacrifice Him again unto the Father. The one sacrifice on the cross is all sufficient for our salvation and a repetition of that sacrifice is neither possible nor necessary. The Lord's Supper was instituted as an everlasting memorial of His death on the Cross for us and our Salvation until His coming again in glory. /

Speaking at luncheon of Knights of the Round Table, Empress Hotel, Victoria, B. C., May, 1926:

"War is hell, true, but military training for our boys helps them to walk better, talk straighter, observe authority, and obey."

CHAPTER XVI.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

ANYONE WHO HAS READ "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Gibbons, noted the fact that he compared much of Roman Catholic practice to Paganism; the Pagans had a god for practically everything. When they went to war they prayed to the god Mars; when they wished for rain they invoked Jupiter Pluvius, and those who sought to place themselves under the goddess of Beauty worshipped Venus. Diana was the goddess of the chase, Neptune the god of the sea, and so forth. The Roman Catholic people, while denying that they in substance worship idols, must admit the fact that they in turn have a saint for almost every condition.

How often do we see a Roman Catholic mother on bended knees, a rosary in her hand, solemnly calling upon Mary, the mother of God, to guide and protect her wandering boy. If we visit a church it is a common sight to see one before the statue of St. Anthony, who is invoked for lost articles. St. Joseph is the patron saint of a happy death. St. Rita is thought of when praying for a sick one, and so various saints could be named who are supposed to look after persons in one particular way or another.

I mention these things under the title of prayers, because most of the praying done by Rome is what is known as "invocation of the saints," and I am going to give a little advice, which I hope will be accepted in the spirit of kindness, to those Roman Catholics who may read my lines or hear my words. That advice is this—they ought to make sure to whom they really pray. For we have no proof in Scripture or reason that the saints can hear us, for there is one mediator, between God and man, and that man is Jesus Christ.

I know the Church of Rome, after one hundred years or so, canonizes the names of certain individuals and makes them saints. If I remember rightly my Roman training, three miracles are supposed to be performed at their graves, and investigations held of an exacting nature. Their names are then elevated among the saints or martyrs, and they are eligible to be prayed to. But the Roman Church should remember it is a dangerous thing to say whither the soul has gone after death. Leave that matter, I may advise, to Almighty God. Thus, may I in kindness ask the question whether or not some of those saints may be elsewhere than in heaven? Has it ever occurred to Roman Catholics that it is quite possible for some of those whom we term saints here below to be dwelling in the place of punishment?

Christ, the Master, the Exemplar, the One Who said "Follow Me," the One Who said "I am the door, I am the way, the truth and the life," was one day asked to teach us how to pray. Did He call on St. Patrick (to be) or Moses or Abraham? No. He lifted His eyes heavenward and He taught us that gem of all gems, that prayer of all prayers, which most of us learnt first at our mother's knees, the prayer called, after Him, the Lord's prayer. Therefore, why does the Church of Rome establish as her greatest invocation the rosary, which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and not give to God the first and greatest honour that the Godhead deserves? If they wish a mediator, which they claim these saints to be, why in the name of truth and the gospel do they not call on the only Mediator between God and man, the Christ? Surely He can intercede with the Father as He did on Mount Calvary's height when He prayed for His enemies, and His real enemies were sinners. Christ died once for all and merited the title which should be dear to every Christian—our "Redeemer."

CHAPTER XVII.

PURGATORY, OR TRAFFIC IN SOULS

THIS DOCTRINE, as we all know, is the one which Rome finds most lucrative. It is explained as that state of the soul after death, which undergoes punishment for sin not fit for hell, and not ready for Heaven. The Roman Catholic Catechism defines it as the place where some souls suffer for a time before going to heaven, and so obtain satisfaction for that temporal punishment due sin.

It is sometimes called the half-way house, the go-between between heaven and hell, and this doctrine, when believed in by Roman Catholics, gives them a certain satisfaction in one of their greatest hours of sorrow. For who among us is not willing to spend money, time or effort if we believe we can aid our dear, departed ones? In other words, it is a play on the sentiments, and I, the writer, believe sincerely that there is no other act of Rome which is more despicable than this commercializing of departed ones. How base, how improper, how miserable is the man or woman who accepts money from needy ones, ostensibly pretending he can help them out of suffering!

First of all, I will give you the proof which Rome advances to substantiate this doctrine, but before giving this proof from the Roman side, I wish to again emphasize the fact that every Roman Catholic must believe in the doctrine of purgatory under pain of damnation.

In the book of Maccabees is found this text: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." Romanism argues that since there is no getting into heaven, that since nothing defiled shall enter heaven, and that since there is no redemption out of hell, there must, therefore, be a middle

place, particularly when you are commanded to pray for the dead. Taking the word "dead" as found in this text literally, in some sense they may be right in their contention, but is the dead referred to here those that have departed from this life? Are not the dead of which Christ speaks those that are dead to the life of grace—spiritually dead? For did not St. Paul say to be carnally minded is death—fleshy? And also, did not Christ once say before He performed one of His miracles, "She is not dead, but sleepeth"? Therefore, oh Church of Rome, are you sure of your proof in this matter.

Another text Rome quotes in seeking to substantiate this teaching is, "Some sins are not forgiven in this world or the next." Rome argues on this text that these words prove that there is forgiveness after this life. I contend that what is meant by these words is the reference to the seat of all forgiveness, namely, the Godhead, who certainly does not physically exist in this world, but the next.

Before going into the Protestant viewpoint on this doctrine, I wish to ask the Church of Rome why it took them so long to discover that it was necessary to pray for the dead, and what happened those people who died before the twelfth century? Also, may I ask, by way of suggestion, was the Roman Church lacking, or rather, incorrect in its teaching before it numbered the dogma of purgatory among its tenets?

First of all, may I ask any Roman Catholic priest for the proof of the words of Christ on this doctrine? I fail to find them either in the Protestant or Roman Catholic Bible; therefore, where do you get the proof? Secondly, Roman Catholic Priest, I will grant you, for argument's sake, that there is a purgatory. Then I want to ask you the question: How do you know—when you take ten dollars from a man to pray his dear one out of purgatory—how do you know he has gone there? That departed

soul may be in hell for all you know, and if in hell, your own church teaches that out of hell there is no redemption. If he is in heaven he is better off than you are; it is he who ought to do the praying for you, not you for him.

Thirdly, may I ask you, how do you know when the soul has left purgatory? When you accept money for masses to pray them out of purgatory five hours after they are dead, possibly the soul may be out of purgatory two hours before, for all the priest knows.

Fourthly, even if there is a purgatory; even if the priest knows the souls have gone there; even if the priest knows when they have left there—how does he know he can help them? Is the justice of Almighty God going to be dictated to, and regulated, by dollars and cents?

Is it not a play on the sentiments of sorrowing mourners who are willing to do anything and get mental satisfaction therefrom, believing they can help their departed ones even after death.

Now, my dear Roman Catholic friend, you have three kinds of masses; a Low Mass, a High, and a solemn High Mass, and you have various prices for each, and you put on these masses for the happy repose of the souls of those that have gone before, and I know you felt happy in doing it. But remember the text found in your own Bibles, "Christ died once for all." The plan of salvation is not a hard one; all you need do is look to Him Who said we were co-heirs with Christ. See Him on Mount Calvary paying the price; remember the thief on the right of the cross; there was forgiveness for him; and think of the words of that one who asked for forgiveness after repenting of his sins, and note the answer that Christ gave him, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Note the words "with me"; note the words "this day," and note the words "in Paradise." May I ask the question, where was the purgatory for this thief?

Surely he was a fit subject for purgatory! He had no time for penance, yet Christ said, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

I know this doctrine nets much money to the Church of Rome, and, in the commercializing of the departed, Rome commits her biggest sin, a sin first to God and His justice, a sin of deceit in fooling her faithful members, and an insult to those departed who have no one to pray and intercede for them, whose only sin, perhaps, was poverty.

Speaking at debate with Mr. Walter McRaye on Empire Unity, at Capitol Theatre, Victoria, B. C., May, 1926:

"Canada is part of the British Empire and proud of it. She has all the protection, good will and prestige that goes with the British Empire the world over, and pays nothing for it. So why change?"

(The crowds were so great this night two huge meetings were necessary.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

NO PURGATORY.

Testimony of a Dying Roman Catholic Girl

"MOTHER," said a dying girl, "it is hard to die and leave this life."

"Yes, my dear, and I would gladly give my life for yours, but you have seen the priest, and you have confessed and received absolution, and you need not fear."

"'Tis true," said the dying girl, "I confessed all the sins I could think of, and the priest gave me absolution. But with all that, I shall soon be in purgatory, and you know, dear Mother, that you are so very very poor that you cannot have masses said for my soul."

The unhappy mother felt the truth of her words, and said: "Yes, my dear child, I am very poor, but I'll work day and night and earn money to get your soul out of purgatory. Do you think your poor mother could rest until she knew you were delivered from purgatorial pains?"

"Dear mother, I so often think of my cousin Catherine. She was so happy before she died, and she never confessed to a priest nor received absolution, and she did not believe in purgatory, yet believed she was going straight to heaven."

"Catherine was a heretic, my child; she was not of the Church. It is better for you to be troubled than to die in error like her."

"I often think of the beautiful words she said when she was dying; they were like this, mother: 'When I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they

comfort me.' Tell me, mother dear, what did she mean? I have no rod or staff, and, oh! I have nothing that comforts me, and comforts me, and I can only think of the flames that await me in purgatory."

"My dear child, don't think about it: disease is weakening your spirit. Leave all that to the priest. Try and rest, and don't think of your cousin Catherine any more."

"I will try for your sake, dear mother, not to think about it, but I can't help thinking how much better it would be if I could not go to purgatory at all."

"People like us do not go straight to heaven. We must follow the way the priest has taught us," said the mother.

"But, dear mother, that way is so difficult, and it frightens me to think that suppose I was there and they could not get me out?"

"Hush, my child, for if the priest heard all you say he surely would ask for so many masses that I could never get money enough to have them all said. But here comes your brother; he will talk to you while I go to my work."

The brother had come some distance to see the dear sister he so much loved. He perceived there was no hope, and, sitting beside her, he said:

"Dear sister, what were mother and you saying about Cousin Catherine?"

"Dear brother, I was saying how glad I would be if I were as happy as she was. She had not confessed to the priest or received absolution. She said it was not necessary, and that she had no fear."

"Dear sister, it was because she loved God, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. She had no reason to fear. Jesus Himself spoke to her soul and comforted her by the assurance of His love and forgiveness of her sins. What need had she of a priest to assure her of all this?"

"What, brother! are you also a heretic?"

"Dear sister, do not alarm yourself. I do not deny the truth. I have read the Word of God for myself, and I found it so full of love for poor sinners that it has become more precious to me than all the world."

"Have you then a Bible? How did you procure it? Did you ask the priest for it? Does he know that you have it?"

"No, no! I assure you, I did not ask him for it. I met a Bible reader, and I thought I would like a Bible for myself, and I asked for one, and the good man gave it to me, and I read it and saw how sinners could be saved. I have found pardon and am happy."

"Oh! my brother, why did you not come sooner to tell me this? But tell me, brother, quick, is there anything in the Bible about purgatory?"

"I have searched from beginning to end of the Book and I could not find one single word about purgatory; the priest knows it is not there, and that is the reason he will not let us read it. I assure you, dear sister, there is but one thing that will make you as happy as Catherine."

"What is it, my dear brother? I would give all the world to be sure that my sins are forgiven."

"That is it," said the brother, as he drew from his pocket the Bible which had been the means of bringing salvation to his soul, and he read John iii:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And again he read I Tim. i:15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And ii:5: "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." He also read: "But He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"Those are beautiful words," said the dying girl, "but how can I know they are for me, dear brother?"

"My dearest, you do not believe I would deceive you?"

"Oh! no, dear brother, you always were kind to me."

"Then will you not have confidence in Jesus, Who died for you? Listen to what He said to all who, like you, are burdened with their sins and need pardon: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. xi:28). 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' (John vi:37). Could you think for one moment, dear sister, that Jesus would have suffered half the chastisement and leave us to suffer the other half? That is the teaching of the priest, but not the Word of God. Death to those who believe in Jesus has no terror. Oh! my dear sister, look to Jesus, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. When you leave this world you will go straight to Him, 'if you only believe'."

The brother ceased speaking. But blessed and happy were the moments spent with the dying sister, who but a few moments before was the victim of ignorance and superstition. But, blessed be God, the Holy Spirit penetrated into the soul of the dying girl and helped her to see by faith Christ the Lamb of God that died to save her.

"Oh! dearest brother, now I understand it all. I, too, am happy: Jesus has forgiven me my sins and given me peace and joy. Glory to His Name!" And in that blessed assurance, after a few days of suffering, she left this world to be forever with the Lord in heaven.

Dear reader, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever would believe on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."—I Pet. i:18.

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XIX.

SHE WAS MADE A BRIDE OF THE CHURCH

UP THE AISLE SHE WALKED.

She was dressed as a bride.

But in the pews were those who wept. Why?

Surely the perfume of the fresh cut flowers and the sweet-smelling incense ascending amidst such a setting of regal Rome indicated all was beautiful.

The music evidenced joy.

She and others were turning their backs on the world—bidding goodbye to loved ones.

But after a short ceremony in the white the "brides" adjourned to a room and on their return all was black. A strange, sombre atmosphere permeated the chancel.

Their hair was cut. Their names were changed. Their dress was no longer that of white, but that of penance.

They were to be nuns. They were to be married to the church.

Theirs was to be a life of penance for their young and hitherto beautiful lives.

As an altar boy, I wondered. Wondered what sins they could do penance for? "They that had been more sinned against than sinning."

What man perhaps was moaning? What heart once filled with pure anticipation was now breaking?

"It can't be right." "It can't be right," I said over and over again.

True, whilst serving the priest I watched one with her "Evangeline" countenance as she received the host in Communion, and I believed she was heavenly.

I was twelve. She was eighteen. But we had played together on the corner lot.

She is still there. And in her cell she prays for mothers' wandering boys.

Does she not feel the mother instinct at times? I wonder.

Oh! Rome, behind your convent gates, surrounded by high fences, some topped by spikes and barbed wire, "live" countless hearts whose sex is starved. Why did a nun cry "I love you," as she wielded the scourge of penance?

Oh! Rome, speak. Oh! young men, priests now, who once were my college pals, you are hearing confessions. Speak out.

But a silence reigns. She was made a bride of the church. And that she is still there is all I know.

Rome is mystery. They have never answered the Roman Catholic woman at Dinsmore, Saskatchewan, who asked why there are no red-headed priests.

Speaking to Board of Trade at Drumheller, Alberta, summer of 1926:

"Canada must cut down its overhead due to too much government."

CHAPTER XX.

ABOLISH THE NUNNERIES

WE DEMAND IT IN JESUS' NAME. The thousands of white slaves confined in them are groaning and crying, and praying for deliverance. God has specially sent me after the nunneries and the confessional box. The confessional box feeds the nunneries and the orphanages and many prisons and graveyards. Destroy these two institutions and Romanism is ended. Take the women out of the nunneries and keep them from the confessional box and both institutions will cease at once. It is lust and licentiousness that feed them. They are a death trap for the priests as well as for the women. They are hard rocks to drill through, but we shall keep at it until there is a hole through. There should be just as vigorous and hard a fight against the nunnery and the confessional box as there is against the saloon. The confessional is a breeder and sewer pipe to the saloons.

Oh! the broken hearts in this charnel house of death and hell, the nunnery. They are well described in the following lines:

"So within the prison cell we are waiting for the day that shall come to open wide the iron doors, and the hollow eyes grow bright, and the poor heart almost gay, as we think of seeing home and friends once more."

The plaintive, heart-broken cries of these suffering women! Behind iron doors, shut away from parents, friends and homes. Being under the garb of religion makes it so much more cruel, barbarous, inhuman and fiendish. Will not the women of Canada be stirred over

the condition of their unfortunate sisters? Canadian people, will we not have at once an investigation, and our officers go into these institutions? Hear what God says: "Every secret thing shall be brought to judgment." He thunders in your ears. We want no Canadian officials slobbering around the Romish bishops, priests or pope.

You may get offended at this, but, do what you please, you cannot stop the truth. It is God-given and God-sent, and it will accomplish that whereunto God sends it. This is God's work. He calle me, openly and above-board, regardless of the opinions of men, to bring the truth home to the people. I will do it. Romanists shall hear it and tremble, and quake and fear, and come out. Let all Christians pray. Open the nunnery doors and your theology and the Bible is all we need to bring you before the courts and condemn you.

Hark! This will go on. God has said it. You cannot stop it. The power of God will move men to force open the doors of all nunneries in Canada. They are un-British, un-Christian, un-Godly, inhuman and powerfully corrupting to our country as a breeder of vice.

It is hastening on to that point, and all the Romish bloodhounds, pope, bishops and priests can not stop it. It is inevitably declared by the mouth of God, and will be executed by His power.

The truth will pierce through these dungeons of hell, the convents and nunneries. It will smash open bolted doors, and reveal that broken-hearted, sad and forlorn woman sitting in that lonely room.

Merciful God, wake up the sleepy Protestants to a sense of their responsibility to help free these precious, blood-bought, deceived women.

Let the church pray for the enactment of laws providing for the public, the same as our public, the same as

our public institutions, or forever abolish them, as these unlawful, uncalled-for, uninspected, sectarian penitentiaries are a stigma to our country and unorthodox according to the inspired word of God.

WHY SHOULD YOUNG WOMEN WHO WANT TO BE
RELIGIOUS BE LOCKED UP FOR LIFE?

There are 80,000 Canadian girls and women who are now held prisoners behind the convent walls and dungeon doors of the Roman Catholic Church.

Is there any reason for condemning a woman to perpetual imprisonment because she wants to be kind and pious?

Can't women who want to be good be just as good associating in the open with married folk?

Suppose a young, impressionable girl gets worked up into an enthusiastic hysteria, and takes the veil; suppose, after a while, she sobers down and regrets her act; ought she not to have her freedom, if she wants it? Isn't it contrary to public policy to allow any foreign church to come in here, and imprison for life 80,000 of our girls?

Isn't it contrary to good morals to allow that unnatural system to extend itself throughout the country?

We would not allow the Pope of the Buddhists to do it. We would not allow the Chief Priest of the Mohammedans to do it. But we allow the Italian pope to do it.

Why should these foreign potentates be allowed to override our personal liberty laws, and keep so many of our women in his dungeons?

The priests say that the women want to stay in jail. But how do we know that?

Would we allow the Mormons to imprison 80,000 of our women, and to meet our protest by saying that the women love to stay in jail?

What sort of human beings are these thousands of women who do not love liberty, do not appreciate freedom, and prefer to be kept locked up?

The country should swiftly and sternly take hold of this question.

Every three months at least, the state should demand entrance into these Bastiles of the Italian pope, and should offer freedom to those caged birds.

A middle-aged gentlewoman, who has spent her life in the cause of Christ, through suffering humanity, visited one of the largest hospitals in Hoey, owned and controlled by the Roman Church. She spent some time in conversation with the patients, although carefully watched by one of the Sisters. During a conversation with one patient, she asked the girl how she happened to be there. The patient replied that she came from the House of the Good Shepherd, a Roman institution to which girls are sent for correction, by the courts of the city and county, regardless of their religious preference.

Speaking at Regina City Hall, May, 1928:

"I warn you of the West, that the time will come not far off when you will rue the day you brought so many Central Europeans in here as immigrants during these latter years."

CHAPTER XXI.

PREPARING TO GO TO CONFESSION IN THE ROMAN CHURCH

THE ROMAN CHURCH demands that its members attend confession at least once a year, and there before a priest confess their mortal sins.

There are two kinds of sin in the Roman church, venial and mortal. Venial sins are the little ones, and if unforgiven condemn the penitent to the fires of purgatory, while mortal sins send one to eternal death in the everlasting flames of hell.

Confession is chiefly for mortal sins, although the penitent may of his or her free will confess venial sins as well.

A person going to confession must make a proper preparation, and tell every sin he or she can remember of the mortal kind. To withhold one sin is regarded in the Roman church as a terrible offence, and destroys in their eyes the efficacy of the sacrament of penance, and if a person makes a part confession and goes to communion, Roman Theology says that they are guilty of the body and blood of our Lord, and must of necessity make all their confessions over again.

It is easy, dear reader, to conceive the terrible mental anguish some poor souls experience who, through fear of a scolding from their father confessor, withhold some sin of which they are ashamed. What horror, what pangs of conscience, must envelop their souls! And there are hundreds of Roman Catholics undergoing this sad experience at this very hour.

The priests could tell, if they wanted to, that the

average person that comes to confess more or less relates the same set of sins every time, thereby proving that we have our usual bad sins, and continuously persist in committing them, even in spite of the method Rome has of confessing them.

Regarding children, they are made to go to confession as early as seven years of age. Thus Rome trains them in her art of torturous fear at that early and tender age, and implants in their hearts Rome's favourite weapon.

We have before us a prayer book of the Roman Church called "The Key of Heaven," and on page 83 is a list of questions placed there with the approbation of official Rome, to aid their penitents in preparation for confession. We hereby reproduce some of these questions to show our readers just what Rome regards as mortal sins.

1. Have you doubted in matters of faith? If so, confess.
Believed in fortune tellers or consulted them?
Gone to places of worship belonging to other denominations?
2. Spoken irreverently of holy things, or profaned anything relating to religion?
Cursed yourself or others? or any creature?
3. Have you kept holy the Lord's Day, and all other days commanded to be kept?
Missed Mass or been wilfully distracted in time of Mass?
Talked, gazed, or laughed in the church?
4. Have you honoured your parents, superiors, masters, according to your just duty?
5. Procured, desired, or hastened the death of anyone?
Have you gone to confession at least once a year, received the Holy Communion during the Easter-time?
Have you violated the fasts of the Church, or eaten fleshmeat on prohibited days? If so, confess it.

CHAPTER XXII.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CONFESSOR

ALAS, THE FATHER CONFESSOR is setting up business again in our Protestant Church, so my message to one and all is, "Keep your eye on the Father Confessor." Whenever and wherever he comes in, Christian liberty goes out.

Let me give you a brief outline of the history of the secret confession to the Priest, from which you can easily see that the Confessional must be resisted by every true Christian man and woman.

1. There is nothing of the kind in the Bible, a fact which really settles the whole question, unless the "Anglo-Catholics" know more of the Gospel than the blessed Apostles themselves!

2. The early church writers, up to at least 500 A.D., knew nothing of the Confessional, and the Bible was their sole rule of faith.

3. From about 250 to 600 A.D., persons guilty of crimes, and the more grievous sins, had to stand up in a church and confess publicly, though they did not go into details. The Church leaders then excluded such offenders from Communion for a certain period, and prayers were offered for their restoration.

4. From 600 to 1200 A.D., Confession to the Minister was in private. He was regarded as representing the congregation, and offered prayers for forgiveness, speaking also words of comfort, guidance and advice. This confession was *not* compulsory. Some confessed and most did not; a general public confession of all the congregation was still the rule.

5. In the year 1215, Pope Innocent III declared secret confession to a Priest an article of the faith; that all Christian people of both sexes should go to the Priest at least once a year to confess and receive absolution. This rule obtained during the Dark Ages, from 1215 to 1547, in the English Church.

6. The Reformation *abolished both the Father Confessor and his Confessional Box*, declared "Penance" to be no sacrament (Art. xxv), and taught the people to confess their sins directly to God, "to Whom all hearts are open and from Whom no secrets are hid." The Reformers provided us with "Morning Prayer," and if you study it to the end of the Lord's Prayer, you get true Church teaching simply but very definitely stated. They also declared in their official "Sermon on Repentance":

(a) "It is most evident and plain that this Auricular Confession hath not the warrant of God's Word."

(b) "This numbering of one's sins was the practice heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance."

Let it be remembered that the Confessional is no part of English Church life; it blights and curses every home and country into which it gains admission. The Priest, declaring himself to be the "Doctor of the soul," interferes between man and wife, between father and child. Without drawing a picture of the many dangers and evils of the Confessional, let me call on all good Christian people to *resist the return of the Confessional to our Church*. Two facts are noteworthy:

The Bible knows nothing of the Confessional.

The Bible says repentance must be real and sincere. Confession to God direct is a bounden duty, which when performed has this promise: "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The teaching of the Bible on Confession and Forgive-

ness is seen from Psalms xxxii:5; St. Matt. xi:28; Hebrews iv:14-16; and I John i:7-9. The only way the Apostles "remitted sins" was by the preaching of the Gospel: Acts iv:12, 42-43.

Resist, in the name of God, the setting up of the Confessional, and say with all your heart, "No priest but Christ," and "no Confessional but the Throne of Grace."

Speaking for the last time over radio from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, July, 1928:

"My voice is now silenced after 26 talks over the air, but the government that did it will be defeated when that audience of 100,000 speaks in their silent fashion at the polls next election day."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN A ROMAN CATHOLIC CONFESSES

NOT CONTENT with having the ten commandments of God changed by leaving out the second one regarding images, the Roman Church originated half a dozen new ones, one of which compels every member of that church under severe penalties to attend Confession and Communion at least once a year. In other words, it is necessary to salvation in the Roman Church to see a priest every now and then and get "fixed up" by a mere man, who may be a bigger sinner than his penitent.

Thus in the silence of the evening during all seasons of the year a mute and worried-looking gathering may be seen hovering around a box wherein sits a man dispensing sinners' justice as the Roman Catholic world knows it.

Roman Catholic teaching says confession and penance are necessary to enter heaven, and this little ceremony occurs when one visits quietly a small compartment and recounts his or her various sins and the circumstances attending same. They must not knowingly retain a single sin, the doing of which renders them guilty of a greater sin, and, unless confessed on the next occasion, invalidates all subsequent confessions and renders them guilty in judgment with the Holy Ghost.

Furthermore, Rome claims that this going to confession increases the life of grace and makes one better able to withstand the onslaughts of the evil one, and it is on this particular doctrine that Roman Catholicism bases the strong and intolerant teaching that outside her church there is no salvation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW ROME OBTAINS PROTESTANT MONEY

A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL recently made a general compilation of church values in Canada, and it was extremely surprising to note the vast wealth that the Roman Catholic buildings represent, particularly when it is a well-known fact that the majority of the poorer classes belong to that communion.

But the thing that surprises the author most of all is the way nominal Protestants contribute towards these values.

It may be by attendance at a bazaar and literally purchasing chance tickets on some gambling wheel, or by admission price to some festival, while not infrequently is the name of a Protestant seen in the daily press as contributing to a hospital of Rome. It is an annual event to have the Sisters solicit at Protestant doors for alms for their orphans. Then, too, the avenue of the tag days is not forgotten by Rome in her drive on Protestant money.

How many Roman Catholics contribute towards the building of Protestant churches, homes, or orphanages?

In Edmonton a prominent Protestant was solicited by a committee of five Roman Catholics for a donation towards the \$100,000.00 drive for the building of the new Roman Catholic college there. This Protestant gentleman asked his solicitors to furnish him with a list of five Roman Catholics in that district who, in the past, ever subscribed money towards any Protestant endeavor. The result was they could not supply even one name.

No! Protestant people, you are not consistent to your faith when you, by financial help, further Roman enter-

prise. By your lips you are professing one thing and by your acts furthering the very thing you condemn, when you give money in this way. And I am told a great portion of the money collected for that Roman seminary in Edmonton was Protestant money.

Furthermore, is not the Roman Catholic church the richest institution in the world? And are not many of your own churches in need of financial support? How many Protestant churches on the prairies carry mortgages? Therefore, can you justify your giving in the name of charity when charity in this case should begin at home?

Do you not know Rome is your enemy and the wrecker of every country of which she gets political control, so why, as Protestants, support it? Particularly when they teach their people that it is a serious offence to give to a Protestant enterprise in supporting heresy.

Another pet way Rome has of acquiring Protestant millions is by mixed marriages. The number of recent unions between wealthy Protestants and poor Roman Catholic families by marriage is alarming.

Speaking at Regina Park before 10,000, May, 1928:

"The school question will wreck the Gardiner government."

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW ROME ARRANGES MARRIAGES WITH PROTESTANTS

THE JESUITS THEMSELVES state that they have the easiest of access to the highest circles in our land. They are constantly arranging marriages of prominent Protestants with Roman Catholics. The Holy League of the Sacred Heart, numbering 25,000,000 members of all nations, is controlled by the General of the Jesuits. Many of these are ladies who are busy themselves in the upper ranks of society, bringing about marriages with influential Protestants.

Take a few examples:

Lord Beaverbrook's sister is married to the Hon. Tim Healy, late Roman Catholic Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Note the strong Roman Catholic tone of Beaverbrook's Press.

Viscount Tiverton marries Miss Ismay Chrichton-Stuart at Falkland Palace in October, 1930.

Sir Esmond Ovey, British Ambassador to Moscow, on August 20, 1930, married a French Roman Catholic in Paris.

Several British Ambassadors are married to Roman Catholic wives.

The Master of Semphill, Colonel Forbes Semphill, is married to Sir John Lavery's daughter, a Roman Catholic.

Admiral Tyrwhitt is married to Miss Corbally, a Roman Catholic, from near Dublin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MIXED MARRIAGES AND THE "NE TEMERE" DECREE

THE TWO PRINCIPAL CIVIL MATTERS in which the Roman hierarchy shows especial concern are the laws relating to education and matrimony, particularly the latter.

Perhaps one of the sweetest processions that the eye of man can behold is the arm-in-arm couple treading along, enwrappt in each other's love, dreaming dreams so sweet and pure, hoping and wondering—the romance of courtship which culminates in wedlock, marriage, the beginning of that sacred corner-stone of society, the home.

At this point I must not lose sight of the opportunity of voicing a strong word of protest against those meddlers who abrogate to themselves discretionary powers, and seek to interfere in the companionship of young couples; to them I say, "Mind your own business; remember, the heart is stronger than the head and your interference may lead to dire results."

There are two exceptions to this admonition, and one is where your dear one is keeping company with another whose character is assuredly unsavoury, and the other instance is where there is a danger of mixed marriage, the cancer of Protestantism today.

Then I say, "Parents, put your foot down at the start" (and mark the words "at the start"). Don't listen to that remark so often heard, "Oh, Mother, there is nothing serious between us. Harry and I are only friends." Bosh, I say; remember you can't go near the fire without feeling the effects, for the vast majority of these supposedly ordinary acquaintances materialize quite quickly.

Mixed marriages are blind contracts entered into by two individuals whose love for each other causes them to see out of only one eye, and that very vaguely; they may also be termed experiments tried by couples who foolishly thought they could mix oil and water.

In this connection may I ask the pertinent question, "How many mixed marriages are happy? How many, or rather, what proportion of the children born of such unions are raised Roman Catholics? Also how many Protestant names are changed in this way? Furthermore, how many prominent and wealthy Protestant families have been wielded Rome-wards? Also, is it not the case that many children from homes where parents were opposite in religious views have been brought up Godless, as a compromise, for the mother says: "If they can't come my way, I'm sure they will not go yours," and vice versa?

Some great writer has referred to the mother as "Queen of the home," and rightly so, for by her calling and God-given prerogative she still holds and merits the saying: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," for most of us are what our mothers helped us to be. In this connection I might also add that "the hand that rocks the cradle" is also the hand that can wreck the world. Thus it is more serious for the mother to be Roman Catholic than the father.

So, young Protestant men, may I remind you who are going with Roman Catholic girls that you are playing with fire. Surely you think something of the heritage your fathers gave you. Surely you appreciate the sacrifice and red blood they spilt in freedom's name. Surely you are man enough to realize that your faith counts more than the winning of a woman's hand, no matter how much you think you love her. Do you realize that a Roman Catholic girl cannot marry you unless you change your faith and accept hers, or consent to be married by

the priest, which cannot be accomplished unless you sign a paper that while you remain a Protestant you must consent to have your offspring, if any, reared in the Roman Catholic faith?

Oh! men of Canada, is there such a one so spineless, so pernicious, who in the presence of a young girl would sign such a document, and in the signing of such bind himself to a solemn promise, whose execution deals entirely with the hand of nature; for who knows whether or not you will ever be blessed with one, or any, offspring? Those of you who have signed such, may I ask you if a blush of shame crossed your countenance at the time?

Then, too, there is the confession side of the question. Do you young men who marry Roman Catholics realize that the woman at stated periods goes to a celibate man, behind a dark, screened enclosure, and tells him of confidences, secrets, actions and things she would not even tell you, her own husband? If you are so spineless and weak-kneed as to accept such a situation, all I can say is, I cannot understand why you are capable of doing what an ordinary red-blooded Britisher would shrink from.

Speaking at the Arena in Biggar, Saskatchewan, on the eve of the election, June 5, 1929, before the biggest gathering ever known in Northwestern Saskatchewan:

"Tomorrow the machine will be broken; tomorrow Canada will be surprised. They tell me I have played a big part. All I say is, that if the Conservatives fail me, I shall see that they stay at home next time."

CHAPTER XXVII.

FREEMASONRY AND ROME

AS A ROMAN CATHOLIC the author was taught that Freemasonry was opposed to the Roman Catholic faith, and that every Mason was a sworn enemy of the church. This and many other fantastic ideas were instilled into my mind, which gave me a false impression of the craft.

I have since found out that Rome lied. Masonry as a craft is not concerned with the religious tenets of any one creed. True, individual Masons have their own opinion on Romanism, just as Knights of Columbus have some peculiar views of Protestantism.

The author in this chapter, nor in any other part of this book, is not dealing at length with Freemasonry. Not being a Mason myself, it wouldn't be proper. Furthermore, Masonry is too grand and universal an institution to need any eulogizing by me or anyone else.

Nevertheless, I must warn all of one point. A Roman Catholic is strictly forbidden, with only one exception, to join the craft. And that exception is certainly not to the advantage of Masonry. Therefore, Masons, why admit any Roman Catholics to your lodge?

You who disagree with me say, Oh! it makes Roman Catholics better men when they become Masons. No, it can't, unless they leave Rome entirely. There is no half-way course. For they cease to be good Catholics when the oath of Masonry is taken, they cannot get absolution in the confession box, that is, they are denied forgiveness for their sins. Rome says there can be no secret higher than the "seal of the confessional."

The greatest point in this whole issue which sets out the subtleness of Rome is the well known fact that there are Roman Catholics who are Masons and remain Roman Catholics, but there isn't a single example anywhere in the world where a convert to Romanism, who happened to be a Mason, ever was received into the Roman Catholic faith without first renouncing his Masonic vows before the priest instructing him. May I who knows the inside of Rome ask any ultra broad-minded Protestants: "Why is there the one rule in the first instance, and the demand in the second, which admits of no exception?"

Freemasons, you are members of a great universal craft. Watch your membership. Preserve your integrity. Not all Masons are great men, but, using the words of a French patriot, may I say "Most of the great men of the world are Masons."

Speaking at Melville, Saskatchewan, July 12, 1929, before 15,000 people at burning of fiery cross:

"Onward we must move; people who stand still die standing up."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ORANGE ORDER IN CANADA

ORANGEISM IN CANADA is a mighty force, religiously, politically, socially and morally. Religiously, because a good Orangeman is an active Christian; politically, because he must honor and serve his King and country besides watching the machinations of Rome; socially, by caring for the weak, particularly through its splendid orphanages; and morally, by exercising that tenet of brotherly love so essential to fraternalism.

I need not enumerate the various actions of this great order, assisted by the L. O. B. A., in watching Protestant principles by the ballot box and its moves to protect our public schools. These acts are too well known by all Canadians, but the part the Orangemen of Edmonton and Ponoka, Alberta, played in blocking the return of the natural resources in 1926 needs some mention.

In the spring of 1926 Alberta Orangemen, warned by their splendid newspaper *The Sentinel*, sponsored petitions protesting to the Honorable Mr. Brownlee regarding the strings that were attached to the return of the natural resources pact then proposed. The result was a refusal on Mr. Brownlee's part, and when Saskatchewan turned the government of 1929, Mackenzie King, fearful to face the country without giving the West its natural resources as the West wanted them, returned their resources without the strings attached, thus Quebec was beaten. Now it remains for Westerners to test the validity of the autonomy acts of 1905.

Furthermore, there are 81 districts in Canada rated as the best off; 79 of them are mostly settled by Orangemen.

The Niagara Peninsula is the best district socially, morally and financially speaking, and it is the most Protestant.

At all times the order is on guard. It is needed in Canada because of the divisions of Protestantism, and it affords a common ground to fight the political encroachments of Rome. *Excelsior!*

Speaking in Edmonton at Moose Hall, January, 1933, to one of the largest lodge meetings of the Ku Klux Klan ever held in Canada (observers say there was hardly a dry eye):

"I came to Edmonton, the 'Rome of the West,' and in a few months I have routed the Roman stigma, but in a few days I must pay the price; I will leave you for a while, for I have been betrayed and framed by those who even made solemn covenant with me, but 450,000 people in those months crowded the Memorial Hall to hear me, and your courage and steadfastness will carry me through. Good luck, good-bye, and God be with you till we meet again."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

KU FOR DOG; Klux, which is a syncopation for crux, meaning cross; Klan for clan—or the fraternity of watch-dogs of the cross.

An organization which had its origin in the land of Scotland in the days of the Covenanters, who called their loyal followers to worship by means of the fiery cross.

The American white population shortly after the civil war found a serious problem with the negroes, who, drunk with their new-found liberty, presented a menace to law and order, and, as depicted in the picture *The Birth of a Nation*, organized the Ku Klux Klan, which adopted a costume in the form of a hood, white in color, which gave a weird appearance and thus influenced the superstitious negro. The order served its purpose and passed into history.

But during the regime of President Wilson and his Roman Catholic secretary, Tumulty, flagrant abuses in the name of religion were openly flaunted and Protestant patriots became alarmed.

So it was decided to organize, and the idea of the Klan was revived. In spite of many exposures, most of which were frame-ups, the Ku Klux succeeded in creating a Protestant and patriotic feeling. The climax of its activity was reached in the defeat of Al. Smith, a Roman Catholic aspirant for the White House.

Thinking Americans, some of international reputation, have informed the writer that the money American Protestants paid into the Klan was well spent. For the Klan stemmed the tide of undesirable immigration, and

educated the American people as to the truth behind the Irish question, so much so that the annual resolutions passed by the United States Senate in favor of an Irish Republic were stopped. America found that the Irish question was religious.

In 1924 a Doctor Fowler and J. H. Hawkins landed in Canada and began organizing here. Their activities covered seven provinces. The writer met these men at Toronto. But on the whole the Canadian people, fed with newspaper propaganda, were slow to embrace the movement, and, outside of a big organization in British Columbia and Saskatchewan, the Klan was destined to be shortlived.

However, in Edmonton, the "Rome of the West," with its huge untaxed acres of church property resulting in a high mill rate, the work of the Klan was spectacular.

On September 25th, 1931, under the writer's leadership, the organization commenced activities at this point—and in September, 1932, the author secured a charter from the Provincial Government of Alberta, the first of its kind ever granted in the British Empire.

The story from then on is interesting and is told in another chapter.

However, one sad accident occurred, involving a young woman who died in the Klan cause, having been killed at Death's Corner, four miles south of Edmonton. Her funeral under Klan auspices was unique and large. The prayer said at the graveside is reproduced elsewhere.

Speaking in May, 1930, before a luncheon of Bank Directors in Toronto, Ontario, at which Mr. Maloney was guest:

"I come fresh from a great political victory in the West, and from what I have seen, the West must have one Prairie Government."

CHAPTER XXX.

PRAYER BY J. J. MALONEY AT THE BURIAL
SERVICE OF MISS JESSIE SHAW, WHO WAS
KILLED AT DEATH'S CORNER, NEAR
EDMONTON, WHILST RETURNING
FROM A KLAN INITIATION

"THE PATHS OF GLORY lead but to the grave." So today, Oh Great Master of the Universe, we perform the last act for this our departed sister. We sincerely trust that Thy tender mercy and fatherly care has a place for her on that other shore, where the golden rays with their warmth and sweetness are ever ready to receive into the bosom of our Lord the souls of our beloved.

Oh, Mother Earth, from thy material our materiality was obtained. From thy bosom came our body, and today we commit to thee what is thine. We are reminded of those immortal words:

*"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."*

So, Oh Mother Earth, receive her body. Guard it tenderly, hold it safe until the Creator shall call it to the resurrection of life, when it shall be reunited with the soul, and thus dwell with the Lord forever. May the winds of this earth sing their reverie. May the pine trees attend with their moan, and may the hearts that gather round with the sweetness of the flower petals remember

this hallowed spot, where this body shall rest in steady sleep till the resurrection morn.

Hope—this is not our end.

*"Life is real and life is earnest,
And the grave is not our goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul."*

Thus the hand and the voice that is still will be raised again because of our hope in God. Help those who tarry here to breathe a silent prayer, and in the breathing help them to submit their will to God on the Cross of Calvary when Thou didst say "Thy will be done." We cannot understand Thy ways because our minds are limited. Thy ways are not our ways, Thy thoughts are not our thoughts. Therefore teach all those who mourn to remember that earth's loss is heaven's gain.

Thou, good Master, hast picked a flower from Thine own garden and hast taken it to Thy Sacred Self. Make her memory to linger in our minds and help us to pray, knowing that in the midst of life there is death, and that it behooves us to be ready, for death comes as a thief in the night to steal our lives away. May this be a warning to us so that we might take heed and prepare for that day. Help us to follow the example as set by our departed sister, who put up a bold and noble fight amidst great difficulties, and who persevered even unto the end.

Thus as we pass along the highway of life, and as pilots of time, help us to steer our course, being mindful of the warning signs that the Eternal God sees fit to send us. Help us to watch the pitfalls and the temptations which would lead us away from Thee. Grant us Thy grace and guidance so that we can avoid those accidents that hurt

not the body, but the soul. Let Thy grace be our headlight on the way.

To Thee, oh God, Supreme Master of the Universe, we commit this soul. This body we commit to the watchful care of mother earth. Help us to extend our sincere sympathy and love to those that mourn. May we be ever mindful of the fact that for all of us there comes a time when we must join the majority, to pass before our Supreme Commander, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Let Thy blessing rest upon this our sister, and let Thy glory shine around her head. Thou hast opened the gates of plenty, honor and happiness to her, where no strife will disturb her day and no sorrow will distress her night, and while Thou hast summoned her departure, Thou hast also washed away her impurities by Thine own Precious Blood, Thou hast perfected her initiation and hast allowed her to enter into the true Empire Invisible where her soul shall rest in perpetual peace. AMEN.

Speaking at the Al Azhar Temple, Calgary, Alberta, November 12th, 1934:

"I helped to smash the Government of Saskatchewan in 1929, and I will change the Government of Alberta in 1935, if they do not reform their justice department and remedy their attitude regarding the Turner Valley oil field."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE LUTHERANS

ENGLAND GAVE US a Shakespeare, Germany a Luther. Students of literature admit that the works of Shakespeare were inspired by a student of the Bible. And from the hand of a humble Augustinian monk named Luther, modern Christendom received the Bible, translated into the language of the people.

Filled with a zeal to reform the Church from the inside, Martin Luther pinned his theses on the door of the Cathedral of Wittenberg, and from that act of defiance toward his superiors at Rome he became the militant champion of the Reformation. True, Rome met him with a sneer, and heaped ridicule on his head, but he pushed onward proclaiming the doctrine of "justification by faith alone."

And, after all, everything depends on faith, our whole Christian life rests upon it. It is a most powerful, active, restless, busy thing, which instantly renews man, regenerates and gives him a new nature.

Thus the burning bush was set ablaze and God's grace flowed into a dying church. Men and women in the middle ages took on new life and hope and turned to the Man of Galilee, who said "Believe on me." Luther commanded a following which has been unparalleled since the time of Christ, and although over four hundred years have passed, the Church that bears his name has held high the banner of truth, and preserved through the ages to this moment the pure and unadulterated Gospel as the only "rule of faith." The Lutheran Church today is by far the strongest and best united Protestant body, having over ninety million members throughout the world. It

is the predominating religion of Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Iceland, Finland and Germany, and its adherents are found in large numbers in Switzerland, Austria, United States, Russia and Canada.

According to the census the Lutherans are the sixth denominational group in Canada, there being 394,000 members, Western Canada having by far the largest number with 242,979 claiming membership, 113,673 living in Saskatchewan, 82,411 in Alberta, and 46,492 in Manitoba. The census also shows that they (the Lutherans) have had the largest increase of any denomination in the last ten years, the percentage being $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. British Columbia has 36,635 Lutherans.

Public men claim that wherever you find a Lutheran community you have a class of people that are a credit to Canada, law-abiding, industrious and great believers in education. In fact, their mother countries in Europe are noted for their high standards of education. It has been said that the illiteracy of Norway and Sweden is less than one per cent, and they are, perhaps, among the few countries of the world today with hardly any relief problem. Thus the seed sown by the great Doctor Martin Luther has exemplified in no uncertain terms the truth of those words: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Hitler, the Chancellor of Germany, had a quarrel with the Jewish people, and he succeeded in putting Rome in her place, but when he crossed swords with the Lutheran Church he heard and obeyed the command, "Hands off."

Many Orangemen and others in Canada have wondered why the Lutherans, who are such strong Protestants, do not join lodges, but the great man of the Reformation was opposed to secret societies, having had his fill whilst in the shadow of Popery. But in every real Protestant movement legitimately and honestly promulgated, the Lu-

theran Church and its membership can always be counted upon as a salient factor.

Before closing this chapter the author wishes to point out that the cornerstone of Protestantism is the integrity of the word of God, and so long as ministers even question the veracity of any one doctrine of the Bible they are doing an irreparable harm to Protestantism. Today the Lutheran Church stands out as one organization demanding that its ministers and preachers adhere to the doctrines espoused by the Great Master, the Christ.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SWEDISH TALE

The Road to Lutzen's Field

THE NORWEGIANS, Swedes, English and Germans can meet on a united front and pay a fitting tribute to Gustavus Adolphus, the hero and champion of Protestantism.

The road to Lutzen's field, which Gustavus Adolphus by birth and hand of Providence drew a one-way ticket only to return in a cold frozen form.

His father was Swedish and his mother a German. He was educated under the careful instruction of John Skytte. A few of his studies were psychology, philosophy, science and religion. At the age of 12 years he spoke twelve foreign languages. At the age of 15 he conducted an international conference for his father where the leading politicians of Europe marvelled at his ability, this young boy who was to become the champion of Protestantism; who 300 years ago led the Swedes and Norwegians, the English and the Germans to the victorious Battle of Lutzen, which through it, and it only, many enjoy our religious liberties.

Let us for a few minutes turn to the pages of history; let us turn to the one that is bordered with black and sealed with blood for religious liberties.

During the reign of Gustavus Adolphus' father in Sweden, Rome was ruling indirectly with her hard, fast rules of injustice; from the lowest courts to the highest, justice was nothing but a mockery, and whatever she could corrupt, destroy, even kill and persecute, if there was anything left, the spoils would be equally divided between the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. In

1611 Gustavus Adolphus' father was lying on his death-bed, viewing the sinking sun for the last time—also with great anxiety watching his own rising son, Gustavus Adolphus, then at the age of 17. He knew there was no glory in the crown of Sweden; it was all wars and sacrifices and no justice there—a prison cell, a chamber of torture. He therefore deferred the age limit so that his son could not take the crown before he was 24 years old.

Sweden was now without a king and would be for seven years. The Diet of Sweden met in the same year, and they decided that Gustavus Adolphus at the age of 17 was old enough to be their king, and Oxenstein his chief counsel at the age of 28.

In 1611, midst grief and pain and sorrow and woe, Denmark, then an instrument of Rome, thought it was an opportune time to declare war on the young king, which ended with the Peace of Knaerod in 1613.

After the victory over Denmark he turned to Russia, which was his second attempt, where in 1617 the Czar of Russia was forced to make peace. With this treaty Sweden took Ingermanland and Karelia with the sum of 20,000 roubles, and received her former rights in Livonia, while Novogorod and all other Swedish conquests were given up.

When he came back to Stockholm he laid before the Diet of Sweden a full report of his victory. After showing them the power of Russia, whose boundary line stretches from the frozen North to the Caspian Sea, and how by the Treaty of Stolbova was entirely shut out from the Baltic, he said, "I hope that that jump is even too far for a Russian." St. Petersburg, or Petrograd today, was then Swedish territory.

Sweden now enjoyed peace for a short time until 1621, when war broke out with Poland. Due to Sigismund's indirect claim on the Swedish crown, Gustavus Adolphus

in person conducted this war, which began at the conquest of Livonia and Karelia and the taking of Riga. After that he advanced into Polish Prussia and gave battle at Egman on the Vistula to Sigismund's troops. Wallenstein sent fresh men and more money to defend Poland. Gustavus Adolphus found himself in a hot fight, at the time when he wanted peace so that he could go and defend the Western Baltic, where the enemy was planning a fresh attack on Strolsund. While he stood in this complex position, not knowing which way to turn, he received word from Holland that Rome was making peace with Denmark, which was fighting Rome on the borders of Jutland. I will read to you Gustavus Adolphus' own letter written to King Christian of Denmark in 1629: The King of Sweden writes: "I have now little difficulty in discerning that the projects of the House of Hapsburg are directed against the Baltic, and that, partly by force and partly by cajolery, the United Netherlands, my own powers and finally yours are to be ousted therefrom.

"On the one side I understand that they intend to offer you the title of Admiral of the Roman Empire, as a bait and as an indemnification for your expenses in the late war, provided that you will cede control of the sound. Perhaps, however, you are not aware that in the same breath they have offered to help me to a safe and durable peace with Poland, which shall include the retention of Livonia and of Prussia by the crown of Sweden, nay, even the Kingdom of Denmark for myself as an Imperial fief if I will ally myself with the Emperor against you. Obviously such offers are illusory and only meant to hinder an alliance between you and me.

"I know well how united and diligent they are; well how disunited and slothful all those who ought to be for us have as yet proven themselves. At present not one of them dares to defend the other; each will look on quietly

at the ruin of all." (This must, of course, be taken as reference to the falling away of the lower Saxon circle after the defeat of Lutter.)

"I am now putting everything aside which can possibly hinder a swift termination of this wretched Polish business of mine. I will take care that Poland shall be in no condition to send help to the Princes of the League. I am not ignorant of the deplorable condition in which you stand at this moment, but I wish you had been able to call upon me for help earlier, i.e., in 1625, when you refused my conditions in London. Now we must positively, during the winter, concoct measures for our mutual defence and for the defence of the Baltic."

Rome was anxious to make peace with Denmark so that she could apply all her forces against Sweden.

In 1629 Denmark came to terms and the Treaty of Lubeck signed. King Christian of Denmark agreed never to fight Rome again. Gustavus Adolphus, still on the borders of Poland, came to terms shortly, which left Livonia and other parts of Polish Prussia in the hands of Sweden.

He left for Stockholm at once and again called the Diet of Sweden together. He informed them their only choice now was to make a bold attack on the enemy which was trying to besiege Strolsund harbor. He showed them by the map that if they took it Sweden would be tied hand and foot for one hundred years and her religious liberties would be entirely at stake. He warned them, if he should by chance lose, not to blame him entirely, because it was a struggle for Protestant faith; he knew Sweden's weakness and also Sweden's strength, and while he held his young daughter to his bosom he said: "For me there is no rest until I rest in eternity."

On midsummer's day, 1630, with 15,000 men, he boldly advanced on his dangerous course. In 1631 he

crossed swords with Rome's best General, Tilley, who had never met defeat before. General Tilley a few days later met Gustavus Adolphus in a hot battle, where the Roman General lost his life. He had twice been defeated with a much larger army than Gustavus Adolphus'. After Tilley's death Wallenstein was placed at the head of the Roman army. Fresh armies were raised by Rome and more money appropriated to drive the Scandinavian army out of Germany. Neither he nor Gustavus Adolphus cared to meet each other in battle. Sometimes they were so close they could see their enemies' faces. They were going through their regular manoeuvres, watching and waiting for a more favourable position. At last Gustavus Adolphus made an attack on Wallenstein which failed. The king drew back to nourish the sick and wounded. While Wallenstein broke camp and moved towards Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus followed him up and on the 5th of November, 1632, he camped within a few miles of his enemies' troops. On the sixth of November, 300 hundred years ago, he rose two hours before daylight, went to every camp opening the day with morning prayers; closing it by singing Luther's Psalm. He mounted his white horse and rode to every battalion giving orders for the final battle.

"If you fight for all that is in you bravely I will reward you. If you flinch in your fight not a bone of your bodies will ever see Sweden. Fight first for God, second, for your country, and third, for your king who is fighting with you. Onward, onward in God's name, it will be religious freedom for you and religious freedom for me if we win."

He drew from the same power that Joshua did when he commanded the sun to stand still; from the same power that divided the Red Sea and gave dry passage on the bottom of the ocean to the Israelites; the same power that shook the seven hills of Rome when He gave His fleeting

breath; from the power that melted the curtain in the temple; and on the 6th of November, 1632, heaven opened up and gave a fog, a mist or a dew that was equal to the difference in the two armies. Twelve thousand Scandinavians and Germans marched against twenty-eight thousand Romans. If the air had been clear they would not have dared to attack, but having no vision they blindly marched to cross swords with their enemy.

The King, who was commanding the right wing of the army, led them on to the battle, but he met with such overwhelming numbers that the Scandinavians and Germans fell back, losing every General in the front. Realizing his position and understanding full well his great loss, Gustavus Adolphus rode up to lead the Smolands regiment, of whom he expected most. Meanwhile, the regiment to the left of him had by storm taken several batteries of their enemy. When he heard of the good news, underneath showers of lead and bullets, he took off his hat and offered a prayer of thanksgiving. Charging at the head of his battery, he was now in the midst of his enemy, but like a bolt of thunder that comes from the East and echoes on to the West, so with terrific force the Scandinavians and Germans again fell back, and in the midst of all their excitement Gustavus Adolphus' white horse was galloping wildly down the front rank with its saddle empty and its mane streaming with red blood, too red to be the blood of the horse.

There they stood; they had come a long dreary road; they were tired and weary of war; they were yearning for the loved ones and young ones at home; they were hungry and they were thirsty; they had lost their religious King, their religious hero and their religious General and were losing ground every second. "Retreat, retreat," they yelled to the Duke. The Duke answered, "It is past that stage now; it is vengeance." Terror changed

to fury, and for eleven hours they stood toe to toe crossing swords with their enemy under heavy losses, but never losing ground. At nightfall, when the mist cleared away and the fog lifted, the enemy's artillery, ammunition and their complete war equipment was now in the hands of the Scandinavians and Germans, while Rome was running in all directions.

After the battle was won, they rescued the King's body, which was sent to Muchden, where the village school teacher built a rude coffin and forwarded it on to Ryd-derholm's Church of Stockholm, where it lies in its sarcophagus today.

We have but one authentic report of Gustavus Adolphus' last hour; his young German page boy, who was still living, alongside of the King's body. He testified that Gustavus Adolphus had fallen off his horse wounded. The young boy rode up to give him his horse. Gustavus Adolphus could not move, so the young boy jumped off his horse to give him a hand. While he was in this position the Roman Generals, the Jesuits and the Black Coats, rode up and demanded the name of the fallen hero. The young lad, loyal to his master, did not dare answer. When Gustavus Adolphus heard no reply, he looked at the pool of blood that was fast flowing from his veins and, without a twitch in his muscle or a quiver in his voice, looked into the faces of the Jesuits and said: "I am the King of Sweden, who with my blood sealed the religious liberties of the German people on German soil." After he had uttered these words the Roman Generals drove their swords time and time again into his chest.

So did our hero live; so did our hero rule, and so did our hero fall. On Lutzen's bloody field today there stands a monument with its left arm pointing directly towards the Roman Empire defying Rome, a great Scandinavian country, if you please. The Baltic Coast for Baltic Swe-

den, but never the Holy Roman Catholic crown. No more will the Protestants of Europe feed the burning flames of iniquity that have been kindled by the Papal Church of Rome; not another repetition of the blood bats of Stockholm. Free to live; free to talk; free to love, and free to reject if we like. Its face looking West, West over Lutzen's bloody field where he himself travelled; West, further West, on to the material horizon; West, further West, on to the golden rays of the sinking sun; West, further West, on to the portal gates above, where (I repeat his own words) "For me there is no rest until I rest in eternity."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MENNONITES FOUNDED BY EX-PRIEST, MENNO SIMONS

MANY IN THE PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN do not know that this band of sincere Christians had as their founder an ex-Romanist.

Menno Simons was born in the year 1492 A.D. at Friesland. His study of the Scriptures aroused doubt in his mind and eventually led to his leaving the Church of Rome and adopting the true light of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The martyrdom of a poor tailor named "Sicke Snijder," who on the 30th of March, 1531, was cruelly racked to death before the eyes of three "gentle" priests just because he had been re-baptized, not only procured many followers for the cause of truth, but was the chief instrument in the changing of Menno Simons, who in 1536 A.D. resigned his priestly office and became numbered among the Baptists.

In 1539 Menno published his book called The Fundamental Book of the True Christian Faith. This work opposed war, sword, revolution, self-defence and polygamy.

From 1559 till the time of his death Menno preached in Northern Europe from France to Russia, founding churches and missions. Holland seemed to be the country they gained the strongest foothold in. The Mennonites were formally recognized in 1672 A.D.

STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE SHE DID?

"THERE IS NOTHING in the world more sacred from interference and from carping criticism than the manner in which a human soul approaches the Throne of God," says a writer in the *Scots Observer*, and we agree with him. In no country has that principle been more scrupulously and spontaneously observed than in Scotland during the last two and a half centuries, for the ecclesiastical controversies that have taken place have been largely political—stages in the search for a wider freedom—and have never involved the ostracism of opponents. The freedom which the Scottish people won by travail and tears, they were willing, as soon as the danger of religious persecution had passed, to accord to members of the Roman Catholic Church. In the Highlands after, and even during the 17th Century, there were amity and mutual respect between Protestants and Roman Catholics. The "religious" faction fight was unknown in Scotland until the Irish invasion at the beginning of the last century. It remains an alien feature, abhorrent to the Scottish mind.

But this Irish invasion has been the means of stimulating a feeling of Scottish nationalism, which is now the predominant feature of Scottish life, and is finding expression in a demand for Home Rule.

The plight of the Scottish people is, indeed, very similar to the plight which threatens us. This is none other than the papalizing of both countries by the encouragement of emigration from Romanist lands.

In Scotland the Irish are swarming in hordes and crowding out the native Scottish in all the big industrial

areas. There is no law to stop these people from invading Scotland as they are doing, and the Scottish people are beginning to ask in grave earnestness: "Stands Scotland where she did?" The pathetic part of it is that while we Canadians keep drawing the attention of the ambitious Scot to the welcome awaiting him here, by so doing we are asking him to vacate his own land and give place to the Irish Romanist. It is a problem. But be assured the Scots will handle it!

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHAT A BRITISH ISRAELITE STANDS FOR

FIRST AND FOREMOST I stand for the integrity of the Bible. I never compare this Book with other books because they speak the words of man—the Bible speaks of God. I never say this Book contains the word of God. It is the whole word inspired in totality.

Secondly: As a British Israelite I accept all the great fundamental truths of the Christian faith and contend for the faith that was once handed to the Saints, that is, the House of Israel. British Israel teaching provides a common ground for all denominations and sects to unite upon.

Thirdly: I perceive the wonderful Divine plan running down through all ages. I can see clearly that the purposes of God have with wondrous fidelity been carried out through the agency of His chosen people; "Behold I even I am in the midst of you. I am holy. I have called you for Myself that ye might be a Holy nation, even as God is holy, even ye my people, holy unto the Lord your God. I have sealed you for Myself. I have written upon you My Name in your foreheads and thou shalt walk with Me. Be ye holy even as I am holy." I see quite clearly and distinctly the wondrous scheme being worked out today, just as truly as it worked out in the year 1588, when the forces of the "Beast" as represented in Papacy came against Britain to crush her. But He blew with His winds and they were scattered all over the English channel and the Irish coast. Times without number Divine Love has protected Israel from her foes.

Fourthly: I am loyal to the Church of God with all her many imperfections. I love her service, and when I enter through the portals I instinctively realize that this is none other than the House of God.

Fifthly: I am loyal to my King and the country that gave me birth, nurtured me and turned me out in health to the battle of life with all the courage of the Celt, the nobility of the Norman, the vigor of the Viking, daring of the Dane, the gallantry of the Gaul, the freedom of the Frank, the earth hunger of the Roman, and the stoicism of the Spartan. All these are mine by lineal heritage from sire and dame for nearly four thousand years. With such a heritage as this, is it any wonder that Britain prospers?

Sixthly: I believe in the absolute integrity of the British Empire, Israel's nation and Company of Nations. As a British Israelite, I believe that the promise made in Genesis is fulfilled in our Empire, and as further proof we have in Westminster Abbey the Stone of Destiny—"God's Seat" to Israel as it was anointed and designated "Bethel," or "God with us." All Israel's kings have been crowned on it. Taken by Jeremiah to Ireland, thence to Scotland, and then to London in the reign of Edward, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the Prophet: "I will overturn until He come whose right it is."

Seventhly: I stand absolutely for Anglo-American, Celto-Saxon unity and co-operation as one united people, as the real and only League of Nations that can endure. What strange folly urges people to put their trust in man, instead of the eternal God Who has been our refuge from the beginning? "O God our Help in ages past." It is well to remember this invocation and acknowledgment. It applies to the British Empire more than all other combined peoples.

Eightly: I seek the salvation of all mankind through Christ, and the promotion of the highest welfare of the world at large.

Jesus said: "I am not come save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." I believe that our blessed Lord said what He meant and meant what He said.

As we are now in the eventide of the return of our Lord, and as God has laid upon us the duty of proclaiming the coming of the King, we dare not shirk it.

As we dare not shirk our responsibility, on us, therefore, falls the duty of proving the infallibility of Our God's WORTH. Joyfully we take up the pen.

For every cause there must be an effect. What then is the explanation of the British Empire?

Is it possible that it can have any other origin than in the promises made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?

"And I will make of thee a GREAT nation and I will make thy name GREAT."

Let us see if the Covenants have been fulfilled:

GREAT BRITAIN: BRITH—Covenant; AIN—Land.

BRITH—Covenant; ISH—Man.

(*Brith* means "Covenant" in these languages—Hebrew, Sanscrit and Tamal.)

Thus we see a "Covenant Man" living in a "Covenant Land," and his name is "Great among the Nations of the Earth" (Gen. 15:18). "In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abraham, saying: 'Unto thy seed have I given this land from the river of Egypt unto the great river Euphrates.'" Great Britain today HOLDS all this land, as given by the Treaty of Versailles.

Turning to Gen. 20:12, we find these people being named, for "In *Isaac* shall thy seed be called." Today we see England peopled with *Saac's* sons (or Isaac's sons).

Gen. 22:17, "And thy seed shall possess the gates of the enemy." Great Britain holds seven of the greatest gulfs:

Guinea, Oman, Persia, Bengal, Baffin, Mexico, Hudson. Great Britain opens and shuts nine seas: North Sea, Channel, Mediterranean, Adriatic, Ionian Sea, Red Sea, Antilles. And I may here say that Great Britain keeps her ports open continually. (See Isa. 60:11.) The promise in regard to the "Gates" is also given to Rebecca (Gen. 24:60).

It is estimated roughly that 500 millions of people own the sway of King George (Gen. 26:34).

We are told "Thy seed shall spread abroad to the East, West, North, and South," and this has been fulfilled to the letter (Gen. 28: 13-14).

One of the most startling evidences is the "Stone of Destiny," which is in the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, on which all the kings and queens of England have been crowned except Mary Tudor, who was crowned in a special chair, blessed by the Pope. (This chair is now in Winchester Cathedral.) It is indeed the "Stone of Destiny," for on it Jacob laid his head the night of his vision of the ladder and the angels.

Daniel tells the King of Babylon that in his day shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom that shall never pass away. This stone is indeed God's charter and seal to Britain (Israel).

Of the hundreds of evidences which confirm the British Israel position, there are none more striking than the taking of Jerusalem on the 9th day of December, which is the 9th month of the Hebrew calendar, by the British troops, not a tile falling to the ground, by Lord Allenby, whose name is "ALL-NEBI" (Prophet of God) according to the Arabs; and the hoisting of the Union Jack over the land which is the land of Israel. The Union Jack signifies the complete union of Jacob's twelve sons.

It is a far call from Palestine to the United States, but I wish to draw to my readers' attention certain curious

things in connection with the United States. Let us look at the Great Seal, at the back see a replica of the Great Pyramid with 13 tiers of stone. We find an Eagle on the reverse side, over his head are 13 stars, in his claws are 13 arrows in one and 13 olive leaves in the other. There were 13 original States. There are 13 stripes in the Flag. There are 13 letters in the national motto on the coin of the realm: "E Pluribus Unum." The U.S.A. are the Children of Manassa, which made the Thirteenth Tribe by multiplicity of Joseph's seed as a separate unit. On entering the promised land the tribe of Manassah split into two sections, one taking the East of Jordan, and the other West, and we find distinct traces of their migration *eastward*, ending finally in the Island Kingdom of Japan. This *may* explain Japan's friendship for Britain and their enmity to the U.S.A., it being a land question again.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HENRY VIII TO GEORGE V 1534 TO 1930

CHRISTIANITY WAS INTRODUCED into Britain very early. Theodoret says, "The Apostles persuaded even the Britons to receive the law of the Crucified Lord."

Christianity flourished in Britain in the second, third, fourth and fifth centuries. Three Bishops from Britain attended the Council of Arles, 314 A.D. Their names are appended to the Acts of the Council. British Bishops were also present at the Council of Sardica, A.D. 347. It was in the year A.D. 596, at a time when the Papal power was being developed, that Austin, a Monk (not Augustine the Bishop of Hippo), appeared in England, and demanded that the British Church should conform to the rites of the Romish. The British, however, boldly resisted this aggression upon their rights, and were obliged to take refuge in Wales, where they long after maintained their independence.

Christianity existed in Ireland before the time of St. Patrick, yet he may be called the Apostle of the Irish, inasmuch as he was the means of firmly establishing it in the land. He died in the year 465 A.D. The Papal supremacy was not established in Ireland until the year 1172 A.D., when Pope Adrian authorized Henry II to invade Ireland.

Thus the old churches of Britain and Ireland, in the early ages, were unconnected with the Papacy. The Church of Rome never ruled the whole Church.

After the fall of the Western Roman Empire in A.D.

476, the Popes began to assume sovereignty over the Kings of Europe as successors of the Roman Cæsars.

In 1073 Gregory VII claimed *absolute and unlimited dominion over all the states of Christendom, as successor of St. Peter and vicar of Christ upon earth*.

All the Kings of Western Europe in time came to recognize the validity of the Pope's claim down to the time of Henry VIII.

After Henry VIII broke with Rome, all other European kings, one by one, threw off the Papal yoke, so that today not one owes submission to the Pope as a temporal monarch.

Henry VIII threw off the temporal yoke of Rome in 1534, but he remained a Roman Catholic in religion and a believer in *transubstantiation* to his death. He really founded the High Church of England.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHY THE KING OF ENGLAND MUST BE A PROTESTANT

THE KING must abdicate or play the hypocrite and conceal his real position, as three hypocrite kings did 300 years ago, and nearly destroyed the kingdom through the civil wars they caused.

The Roman Catholic case is not a true statement of facts. It is not true that the King has not freedom of conscience as other citizens have. No law in England says that George Windsor may not be, if he desires, a Roman Catholic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or a Brahmin. Every person in this realm has liberty to profess and practice any religion he wishes—and George Windsor has the same right as anyone else. The only restriction in this matter is that, *if he ceased to be a Protestant he can no longer be King* and would have to abdicate, because Rome can't be trusted.

If Cardinal Bourne became a Protestant, and if the Pope deposed him from being a Cardinal and Archbishop, what would the Roman Catholics say if he replied: "Why can't I have liberty of conscience? Why can't I be a Protestant without losing my official position?" The answer would be: "What did you vow to teach at your ordination? What were the stipulated conditions?"

As to the King being Protestant, then, the question is: Are there sound political reasons for barring a Roman Catholic from the Throne?

(1) The King must be a Protestant because the nation is Protestant and the National Church is Protestant, in spite of the efforts of apostate Bishops to Romanize her

services. Out of 49,000,000 in the United Kingdom, only 5,500,000 are Roman Catholics, or 1 in 8. These are nearly all Irish and foreigners. There are only 200,000 English Roman Catholics and about 25 to 30 thousand Scotch in the country. The House of Commons vote on the Prayer Book in 1927-28 showed that the nation is Protestant at heart. Roman Catholic papers admitted this fact after.

(2) Because a Roman Catholic King must own submission to a foreign despot—the Pope of Rome. The history of the last 400 years proves this fact. All our national secrets and plans would soon be in the hands of our enemies.

(3) Because in all our great wars, and in all our great national troubles, the Pope and the Jesuits have invariably sided with our enemies, and tried to bring about our national downfall. This was shamefully true in the last Great War. Irish, Australian Irish and Canadian Roman Catholic Bishops and Priests did everything in their power to hinder recruiting and help the enemy to defeat Britain and the Allies.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE BIBLE CAME TO ENGLAND

THE REFORMATION was rapidly spreading in England, and with it bitter persecution. It saw men everywhere led to prison and to death for possessing or reading a copy of Luther's writings, and it knew well that a Bible translation would be a still more dangerous book; but it was determined that England should have the Word of God in her own tongue whatever the cost might be. The work was too dangerous to be carried on in England, and Tyndale soon saw that only a life of exile could accomplish it, so he decided that a life of exile he would cheerfully accept. In 1524 A.D. he left his native land, never to see it again; and at Hamburg, in poverty and distress, and amid constant dangers, the brave-hearted exile worked away at his translation; and so diligently that in the following year, A.D. 1525, we find him at Cologne with the sheets of the New Testament in the printer's hands.

"In cases, in barrels, in bales of cloth, in sacks of flour—every secret way that could be devised—the books were sent; and in spite of the utmost vigilance in watching the ports, many of them arrived safely, and were scattered far and wide through an awakening country.

"Such a commotion as they created among the priests and bishops! Wickliffe's Testaments of a hundred years before, when there were no printing presses, and when it took months to produce a single copy, were troublesome enough; but here are books pouring into the country, and capable of being produced at the rate of hundreds per day, and at a price within the reach of all! Vigorous measures indeed would be necessary now.

"Every port was carefully watched by officers appointed for the purpose, and thousands of copies were thus seized in their various disguises and were burned with solemn ceremony at the old cross of St. Paul's as 'a burnt offering most pleasing to Almighty God'—and still other thousands supplied their place.

"But its translation cost Tyndale his life. Emissaries were sent by his enemies to the continent, and Tyndale was seized at an unguarded moment, and hurried to the dungeons of the Belgian castle of Vilvorden. Long before he had said with sad foreboding, 'If they burn me also they shall do no other thing than I look for,' and now his foreboding was about to be realized. On Friday, October 6th, 1536, he was strangled at the stake, and then burnt to ashes, fervently praying with his last words, 'Lord, open the King of England's eyes,' a prayer which was nearer to its answer than the heroic martyr deemed.

"Three years after, in every parish church in England, by order of Henry VIII, but chiefly through the influence of Archbishop Cranmer, stands an English Bible—'The first English Authorized Version.' It was what is known as the 'Great Bible,' and was virtually Tyndale's under another name."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A REPLY TO ANGLO-CATHOLIC ERRORS

“WHEREFORE THE SACRIFICES of Masses in which it was commonly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.”

THE ANGLO-CATHOLICS

“Whatever the origin of the word, the Mass has come to signify that all Catholics believe about the Sacrament. And by using the term Mass we associate ourselves in our belief with the rest of Christendom, and proclaim that we are no isolated little sect with our own little pet doctrine, Zwinglian, Lutheran, Calvinistic, or whatnot, but that we are at one with Holy Church throughout the world in our belief about this Blessed Sacrament. . . . Mass, then, is a term of unity. It signifies our oneness with Catholics throughout the world, and for this reason it is a term well worth fighting for.”

The Church has always taught that the Eucharist is a sacrifice. It is not only a spiritual sacrifice of prayer, praise and thanksgiving, it is an “unbloody sacrifice,” as it was anciently called, the commemorative sacrifice of the Body and the Blood of Christ. In this sacrifice that same Christ is contained and offered in an unbloody manner who once offered Himself on the Altar of the Cross. The victim is the same, the manner of offering alone being different. The Eucharistic Sacrifice is therefore rightly offered not only for the living, but also for those who are departed in Christ.—A. E. Manning Foster, “Anglo-Catholicism,” pages 68 and 71.

"None of us, I am sure, would wish to deny the immensity of the Gift received in Communion, but most of us would certainly desire to affirm the importance of the Oblation which we are enabled to make to God in the Mass. Would it not be truer to say that, after Consecration, Christ is present upon the altar for two purposes; receive Him from God in the Sacrament than that "there is a complete agreement that the one object of consecration is Communion'?"—Rev. C. B. Lucas, Kettering C. T., October 21st, 1927, page 452.

"In the Eucharist, the sacred Body and Blood of Christ are exhibited to the Eternal Father in a mystery as severed by death, not as severed in death; for it is a living, not a dead Christ who offers Himself at our altars. Nevertheless, the Lamb of God is exhibited as 'slain from the foundation of the world.'

"This exhibition of Him as slain is effected by the separate consecration of the bread and wine. The act of consecration precisely corresponds to the act of sacrifice in the typical Jewish sacrifices, in which, according to Maimonides, the essence was the presentation of the blood rather than the slaying of the victim. By the act of consecration we present before the Eternal Father the broken Body and the Blood poured forth, severed by death in a mystery under the diverse kinds of bread and wine. Strictly speaking, the sacrifice is offered by the priest, but the priest acts as the representative of the faithful, who identify themselves with his action by responding 'amen'."—Rev. J. N. Newland-Smith, Kingkerswell, C. T., August 6th, 1926, page 151.

"The Bread and Wine are now going to be changed into the Body and Blood of our Lord. Remember that He Who comes upon our Altar is all the while adored by Saints and Angels in heaven."

"According to ancient and universal custom the priest hushes his voice as he prepares to act the very part of Christ himself, and recites all the prayers of the Canon secretly.

"At the Consecration, think of what is being done. Place yourself in spirit with our Blessed Lord and Saint John at the foot of the Cross. When the bell rings, and the priest holds up the Body and Blood of Christ, it is that you may adore, watch with great reverence, and say, like St. Thomas, 'My Lord and My God'."—"A Simple Mass Book," page 21. (P.S.—PARKER SOCIETIES' BOOKS.)

THE REFORMERS

"So long as the Popish Mass shall be continued in the Church and believed to be a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and the dead, idolatry shall bear rule among us, superstition shall never be exiled from the bounds of Christianity, hypocrisy shall still sit in the consciences of men, the fruits of Christ's death shall never be truly known, and the papistical sacrifices shall not cease to blaspheme that most sweet-smelling sacrifice, Jesus Christ. I think there is no Christian heart which, considering these things, lamenteth not to see so great an evil and pestilence as the mass is, to reign among them that profess Christ."—P.S.—"The Works of Thomas Bacon." Catechism, 448-9.)

"All the good fathers, patriarchs, apostles, prophets, martyrs, confessors and saints, with all the good doctors and good general councils, all these already condemn the mass, and all that ever useth it as it is now, being, of all idols that ever was, the most abominable and blasphemous of Christ and His priesthood, manhood and sacrifice; for it maketh the priest that saith Mass God's fellow and better than Christ, for the offerer is always better or equivalent to the thing offered."

"They add to and take from God's Word at their pleasure, and therefore the plagues of God will fall on them at length, and upon all that will take their part. They follow the trumpet Church and spouse of Anti-Christ, which they call the Catholic Church, whose foundation and pillars are the devil and his daughter the mass."—(P.S.—"Writings of John Bradford, M.A., pages 392-395.)

"Christ biddeth us use His Supper in remembrance of His own death and passion. Corporeally He is not there in the form of bread. He willeth us to eat of the bread, calling it bread after consecration, and 'drink' of that cup, all making no exception, so that we do it worthily; that is, take it as the sacrament of His Body and Blood, 'broken and shed for our sins,' and not as the Body itself and Blood itself, without bread, without wine.—John Bradford, M.A., *Ibid*.

"In the Mass the whole mystery is thought to be profaned, unless all things be said and done privily and covertly, to the intent nothing may be perceived or understood. So that their consecration differeth nothing from a kind of enchantment; for after the manner of an enchanter, they think that with whisperings and divers gestures they bring Christ out of heaven into their hands. Whereby we perceive, that the mass so ordained is rather a manifest and open profanation of the Supper than the observation thereof."—P.S.—"Writings of Bishop Coverdale," page 459.

"The author of your levation and lifting up the bread above your head was Pope Honorius III, about the year of our Lord 1210, which commanded that the Host should be lifted up above the priest's head at Mass, and that all the people should fall down and worship it. O Anti-Christ! Here may all men see how ancient a thing your

Holy sacring is, which is counted the best and chiefest part of your Mass, when notwithstanding it is the most wicked and most abominable part of your idolatrous Mass. For the people take it to be their God. They believe that bread which the priest heaveth above his head to be Christ, perfect God, and perfect man.

"I know what ye will say, 'What we hold up is the very natural Body of Christ, God and man, therefore may we all justly worship it.' I ask you, How prove ye it to be the natural Body of Christ? Ye answer, 'By virtue of these words, "*Hoc est enim corpus meum*".' I reply, 'Christ spake these words of the bread, as the holy Scriptures, and all ancient writers do witness, and by this means it must be granted that Christ hath two bodies, one made of bread, and another of flesh which He received of Mary, the Virgin'."—P.S.—"Works of Thomas Bacon," Prayers 270-1.

CHAPTER XL.

WHO ARE THE JESUITS?

THE JESUITS are the secret highly educated Political Priests of the CHURCH OF ROME, as distinct from the purely religious Priests. They celebrate Mass like other Roman Priests, but they are secret politicians first of all.

They cultivate the friendship of Kings, Statesmen, Ministers and Departments of State, Politicians, Newspaper Magnates, Editors, Sub-editors, Reporters, Merchant Princes, Financiers, Society Leaders, and all important personages in every land, and place their secret agents amongst these at strategic points as Managers, Organizers, Private Secretaries, Governesses, Footmen, Domestic, etc.

In this way, they command the workings and secrets of the whole nation. British Government Departments are full of them, especially the Foreign Office. The same is true in the Government Departments throughout the Dominions. They seem to have a greater hold in Australia than in any other of the Dominions. In Ottawa, Canada, a Roman Bishop, who is a Papal Delegate, watches for all Dominion appointments, both commercial and governmental.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GREAT GUNPOWDER PLOT OF THE JESUITS, A.D. 1605

THE DETAILS of this great plot are as follows: A room adjoining the Parliament House was hired on May 24, 1604, and in December the digging commenced. In March following the conspirators hired a cellar of the Parliament House, and filled it with thirty-six casks of gunpowder, over which they laid faggots. In May, 1605, all was ready except the firearms requisite for those in the Midlands who intended rising against the king. Several rich Roman Catholics had meantime joined the plot, and gave money to the carrying out of the scheme. Before entering on the final stage of this hellish plot the conspirators retired into an inner chamber and heard Mass and received the Sacrament from "Father" Gerard.

Francis Tresham, one of the rich conspirators, grew nervous and wrote a mysterious letter to Lord Monteagle, indicating that he wished to save him from the blow-up. It contained these words: "The Parliament shall receive a terrible blow and shall not see from whose hand it comes." This letter was laid before the Council, and the King was the first person to guess that gunpowder was meant. The thirty-six barrels of gunpowder would have sent the Parliament and its buildings to their long home. On the evening before November 5th, a party went down into the cellars of the Parliament House and commenced a hunt. Soon they came to the cellar in which everything was prepared, and here they found Guy Fawkes actually preparing for the coming explosion. The conspirators fled to the country and perished in desperate fighting.

The penal laws against Roman Catholics became so harsh in consequence of this plot that none were permitted to remain in London who professed to be Roman Catholics. This is a side of the story the Jesuits and Roman Catholic "Truth" Societies leave untold in their histories and school books.

The Gunpowder Plot leads to still severer measures. Acts for the better discovering and repressing of Popish Recusants (3 James I, cc. 4 and 5), also a new Oath of Allegiance. Most of the traitors in this reign were offered their liberty if they would take the Oath of Allegiance. May 3, 1606.

The Act declares that:

"Jesuits and Seminary Priests (such as Douay and Rheims) by scholars taught and instructed by them do cover and hide their false hearts by repairing sometimes to the Church of England services.

"For the better discovery thereof, of such persons and of their evil affections to the king and state, be it enacted that every Popish Recusant on conforming shall receive the Sacrament once a year in the Parish Church, and also take the Oath of Allegiance."

CHAPTER XLII

THE VATICAN INTERFERENCE IN MALTA IN 1930

LOOK AT THE TROUBLE the Vatican and Roman Bishops and Jesuits are causing in Malta today. Whilst pretending all the time that they are only concerned with the religion of the Maltese, they are attempting to overrule the British Governor-General. "Father" Woodlock, the Farm Street Jesuit, in a sermon sides with the Vatican. Fortunately, Britain has a strong Foreign Minister. He quickly put the Vatican in its place by breaking off diplomatic relations.

It must never be forgotten that the set purpose of the Vatican is to bring Britain and the British Empire again under the yoke of Rome.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CALLES TELLS REASON FOR MEXICO'S RELIGIOUS LAWS

MEXICO CITY.—“Roman Catholic priests should be denied the right to vote, and also the right of citizenship, the moment they are subject to a foreign allegiance—that is, from the moment their allegiance to the power of Rome ranks in their spirit above their allegiance to their country.” So declared President Calles in a recent statement concerning the Mexican-Papal disturbances in this republic.

“We are not making any religious campaign,” continued President Calles, “but we are determined that religious bodies shall not stir up strife. The Catholic priesthood in Mexico has engaged in political propaganda. Priests in various cases now are directing the rebellion against our government.”

When asked whether or not the reports are true that fifty priests had been shot for complicity in the revolt, Calles replied, “Possibly that is quite true.”

“We effected regulations requiring all priests and other ministers to register. Protestant ministers complied; Roman priests refused and went on strike, seeking to bring about a revolt by refusing to conduct regular services. Our regulations also required the clergy to cease political agitation and refrain from holding meetings in public outside of their churches. The priests refused to obey.”

In explaining the reason for the regulations of the priesthood, the President said:

"It is an Interior Department measure. We do not know how many priests there are in Mexico. It is not our intention to interfere in the Church's business, but as in this country all church property is government owned, we think it is our privilege to at least know how many priests are administering such public property.

"We shall not allow the Roman Catholic Church to subordinate the State to their religion. What would people of the United States, for instance, think if Catholics united to make their government subservient to the Roman hierarchy?

"Many foreign priests in the past have taken money from the Mexican people by extortion and threats solely for the benefit of the Church. Foreign priests mean a calamity for us. Our law says foreign priests may not officiate, yet they have persisted in doing so, and about 100 of them, mostly Spanish, have been expelled from this country. Few native priests have taken part in the Romanist rebellion."

ARMIES OF FOREIGN PRIESTS

"We found in some towns as many as 300 priests for a total population of only 15,000. Under present regulations, local authorities can limit the number of priests to but one for each 10,000 people. The minimum population for one priest is 5,000.

"We permit criticism of the government by political parties and newspapers, but not by ecclesiastical organizations—although as individuals Catholics have freedom of speech. But there is no freedom of speech in the Catholic Church dogma, based on the infallibility of the church, which never can admit errors. Yet the hierarchy at Rome, wiser than local priests, always adjusts itself eventually to conditions. Priests must do this now in Mexico."

NOT AS IN OTHER COUNTRIES

"Our situation is not the same as that in some other countries. We are trying to catch up to those countries, and we ask their patience and sympathy at a time of national evolution. One of the chief national problems is to stimulate the middle class to meet the other national problems.

"The middle class must lead," he said, "for the upper class is reactionary and the lower is insufficiently educated."

Calles was asked if Mexico is solvent.

"We are covering our obligations," he responded. "Our idea is to pay our foreign creditors, to permit Mexico to meet her debts within the limits of her economic capacity. A commission of experts now is meeting to fix that capacity.

"We desire foreign capital to interest itself in Mexico. We ask only that capitalists who come here should be asked to respect our laws and not place themselves in a privileged position, claiming more rights than Mexico's own citizens."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CONVERSATION

"*What Does It Mean?*"

A FIRST-CLASS CAR on a Delaware and Hudson train bound for Montreal was packed from end to end, when a lady of gentle voice and manner, unable to find a seat, approached a religieuse whose veil and head-band indicated one of the largest orders of the Roman Catholic Sisterhoods.

"May I share your seat?" she asked apologetically.

"Certainly, though I fear you will be somewhat crowded," she replied as she moved towards the window to make room for the fellow passenger.

Almost hidden beneath the black veil was a face strong, thoughtful, kind. Many years within convent walls had robbed her of none of the girlish tint of her cheeks nor the deep blue of her eyes, but seemed rather to have deepened them and to have endowed her with that mysterious something which awakens respect and admiration.

In her movement towards the window she dropped her large silver crucifix, which fell at her feet.

It seemed disconcerting, to say the least, or *infra dig* for the Mother Superior of one of the largest educational institutions in Canada, having with her twenty novitiates from New York, apart from whom she sat alone in her superiority, as was evident from the poise of her head and her whole general bearing, to stoop in so cramped a position and grope in the darkness for her lost treasure.

How glad any of the sisters would have been to have

relieved the embarrassing situation, but there sat the stranger in the way.

It was but for a moment, for the intruder with some difficulty found the missing article, and upon restoring it to its owner, said:

"May I ask what this means to you?"

With a marked French accent she replied:

"It is a constant reminder of the sufferings and death of my Holy Saviour."

Then, turning from the window and fixing her eyes upon the stranger, she said:

"I beg leave to return your question. What does this (holding out the crucifix) mean to you?"

For a moment the stranger sat silent and thoughtful.

"I hardly know how to answer your question," she said; "in fact, eternity would be too short to answer that question. While I attach no special importance or veneration to the object of torture of my Holy Saviour, any more than to a gallows upon which my best friend had laid down his life, it may serve as a reminder of the marvellous meaning wrapped up in the symbol.

"The Cross, not the visible or material thing so-called, but that for which it stands, the death of the God-Man, Christ Jesus, means this to me—that God so loved me and so hated my sins which shut me out from His Presence that he suffered on Calvary, not only in body but in soul and spirit as only GOD could have suffered. What that suffering meant to me may be illustrated as follows:

"I have a boy friend of whom I'm very fond. It comes to me eventually that he has been guilty of dishonest dealings involving the financial ruin of many. My sense of justice and honor and right causes estrangement between us. Soon my deep love for him and my abhorrence of his

sin find expression in sacrifice. I dispose of all my property at a tremendous sacrifice and with the proceeds make good the losses to those whom he has wronged. Deeply he repents his wrongdoing, and we are reconciled on the basis of my sacrifice.

"To me the Cross means the most splendid revelation of God's righteousness—the most marvellous display of God's great love in making it possible for 'a woman that was a sinner' not only to have reconciliation with God, but to have unspeakable joy in His Presence.

"The Cross to me means the most amazing manifestation of His power—power to save a thief like me who had robbed God times without number; power to rend the veil of separation and estrangement between God and me from top to bottom; power to rend my rock of a heart; power to open the grave that held me and to call forth my dead soul to the only life worth living.

"The history of years of stumbling and failing, of self-effort to justify myself in the sight of God, culminated at the Cross. My old natural disposition, my love of the world, my ambitions and aspirations, died on the Cross when by faith I reckoned myself as 'crucified with Christ.' My new life with its 'peace that passeth all understanding,' with its 'fullness of joy' and its 'pleasures for evermore' had its beginning at the Cross."

*"In the Cross of Christ I GLORY,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All that's right in my poor story
Radiates from its form sublime."*

With bowed head as though "lost in love's immensity," the veiled Mother sat. Fast falling tears and a bosom heaving with deep emotion spoke of intense desire to know by experience the real meaning of Calvary.

To have broken the stillness when God was speaking would have been an intrusion upon the sacredness of that solemn moment. The stillness was broken, however, by a French porter who, from car to car, in a loud voice called:

"Mo-re-al! All change."

With a hearty handshake, the Mother said in parting:

"Through all eternity I shall thank the Holy Saviour and the Blessed Virgin and all the saints for your answer to my question."

CHAPTER XLV.

EDMONTON'S UNTAXED ACRES

TAX-FREE INSTITUTIONS of various kinds dot the city on every fifth corner, acres of them. Newspapers tell us over half the vacant land has fallen back on the City Corporation. Property owners are in jeopardy. Is it any wonder Edmonton's tax rate is the highest in Canada, 65 mills at present?

Montreal, another centre of countless tax-free lots, is puzzled, and the Press is afraid to print the truth.

Why should any church owning vast estates make the goat of poor struggling workingmen whose little homes are being milked dry?

A huge fire devastated a Roman Catholic building in Edmonton some time ago; fireman worked many hours—but no taxes come from such buildings to pay for such services.

Certain ones mention charity. Sure everyone is doing charity these days.

Canada must face this issue squarely.

Equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

Furthermore, many of these institutions are mystery houses, and not open to inspection, yet the State is so interested in their welfare that they are tax-free.

CHAPTER XLVI.

UNION OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES UNDER ONE GOVERNMENT

CANADA, with its population of little over ten million, is governed by twelve ruling bodies, viz: two senates, one in Quebec, the other at Ottawa; nine provincial legislatures, and one Federal Parliament—twelve bodies from which can emanate various forms of legislation.

Recent statistics compiled by the *Financial Post* show that Canada is the most over-governed country in the world, and incidentally the highest taxed; in fact, out of every dollar produced sixty cents or more finds its way into taxes, and of the latter over thirty-five per cent is for interest on money borrowed. Still worse is the fact that some ruling bodies have had to borrow to meet interest payments. And still new taxation is being proposed, e.g., sales tax in Saskatchewan.

One does not have to be a student of economics to know that disaster is just around the corner, if conditions do not change.

Therefore, since the above facts are so apparent and the future of our community and nation is at stake, it behooves each and every individual to study the existing problem and fearlessly set about to correct matters.

The writer has his own theory on economics and it would surprise some if they knew it. But, in the matter of economics, everyone has their own way; in fact there are as many theories as to how it should be done as there are rivers and streams in the Rockies.

But there is a sensible and practical suggestion mooted at times which deserves the attention of Canadians in

general and Westerners in particular, that is the Union of the three Prairie Provinces under one Government. Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba each have a separate Provincial Government, with all the frills and expensive machinery attendant; three Lieutenant-Governors and their staffs, three Prime Ministers, three Cabinets, three Legislatures, three Civil Services, etc. Were one machinery of government located at Winnipeg, it could do the work just as well, in fact better, because a government is always stronger when it represents more people, especially when the occupation and interests of those are somewhat common.

The population of Alberta as given at the last census was 731,000, Saskatchewan was rated as having 921,000, with 699,000 being the figures for Manitoba, a grand total of 2,351,000 persons, slightly less than the population of Manchester, England. In fact, the Prairie Provinces have approximately 200,000 less people than the combined populations of three Canadian cities, viz: Greater Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver.

Then there are three Government Houses, three legislative buildings, three universities, three sets of public buildings, which machinery necessitates a combined expenditure each year of \$45,000,000, and which setup has created a funded total debt of over \$402,000,000, which latter figure necessitates annually at least \$20,000,000 interest charges.

Alberta has a one-man government, they say, yet the Parliamentary Guide gives a total of 63 M.L.A.'s. Saskatchewan, with the largest population, has less members than Alberta with the figure 55, while Manitoba, with a population smaller than Toronto, has 55, making a total of 173 M.L.A.'s for the three Prairie Provinces.

The author could go on enumerating instances similar to the above, but it is not necessary, as most Prairie folk

are agreed that our overhead is too high and that we could get along better by a United West, but the chief points of interest are: "How could it be done?" and if so, "Would it really make for better government and a material saving in expenditure?" Therefore it is my intention to come to the point immediately.

Let the Provinces take a plebiscite on the proposed union. Demand from the M.L.A.'s action in this regard. Remember, most of them are uninterested in the proposition, as such a union would necessarily reduce the army of governmental parasites and their scores of friends who annually feed at the public trough on that "cereal" known as patronage. Furthermore, the survival of the fittest would eliminate the weak and retain the strong.

Close the legislative buildings at Edmonton and Regina. Close the Universities of Saskatoon and Manitoba. Close the eleven provincial jails. Close all agricultural colleges or co-ordinate same with the Dominion experimental farms. Close all government houses, official residences of the Lieutenant-Governors, and close one Normal School in each province.

Then make Edmonton the University city, not only on account of its ideal location, but because of the superior quality of its buildings, and its fine medical college, and utilize the buildings now used for government as part of the University. Use the Legislative buildings at Regina as a college for training our famous R.C.M.P., which force should be universal, even policing cities and towns, which would save ten millions each year to municipal taxpayers. Regina has been for some time the hub of the Mounties. Make the University of Saskatoon the central Reformatory for the Prairie Provinces, an institution similar to the one at Guelph, Ontario.

Redistribute the ridings, giving one Provincial member for each Federal constituency as now constituted—

Alberta 17, Saskatchewan 21, Manitoba 17, making a total of 55 instead of 173 M.L.A.'s as now. Utilize one of our Normal Schools as a detention home for wayward girls, an institution sadly needed in a Christian country.

Immediately after these suggestions are made public a hue and cry will be raised: Oh! how are you going to make Regina sever her buildings, or Edmonton hers? Certainly there will be a cry, but Edmonton will be better off with three or four thousand University students and professors, for what real benefit are civil servants to a city anyway? Ask the merchants of any capital city. But it isn't what these places think, it's what the farming community and other cities think who are annually losing their farms and homes through mounting taxation chiefly caused by this orgy of governmental spending. What benefit to the farmers in and around Wetaskiwin, Alberta, is the proximity of the Legislative buildings at Edmonton?

Others say the distance and area is too wide. But today with the radio, telephone, telegraph, fast trains, highways, airplanes, etc., the matter of distance has been brought closer.

Others say, why it would be too far for various delegations to travel to Winnipeg, say from Red Deer or Lethbridge. Well, don't you now have to go to Ottawa in Federal matters? Has anyone said that Ottawa should have a sub-federal capital? Furthermore, what more can delegations do than your local M.L.A. can do?

Does not the Postmaster-General's department, with headquarters at Ottawa, manage nine provinces? What would be the situation if each province had its own post office department? It would take 23 cents to send a letter from Edmonton to St. Johns, N.B., which now goes for 3 cents. Besides, does not the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa supervise a department extending over nine

provinces, therefore could not one Provincial Minister of Agriculture direct the affairs of the three Prairie Provinces? Furthermore, the "Prairie West" has a little over two and a quarter millions of people, and since we rule and legislate for people, not area, the distance argument does not hold water. Some weight might have been attached to this argument of distance back in 1900, but not today.

The statement has been made that Saskatchewan is heavily in debt, and why should Alberta take over its debt. This is not true, for Saskatchewan has no more debt than Alberta and it has 200,000 more citizens to pay what debt they have. The per capita wealth of the three Prairie Provinces is very near equal and its debt per capita is practically similar. The only real bone of contention that could be raised is the infernal school question, as Manitoba as presently constituted has no separate schools. Herein we have a splendid opportunity to take a vote on whether our Western people really want a dual school system, for remember Westerners never yet have had a vote on this issue, and it is long overdue.

Many splendid men such as Premier Bracken, Ralph Webb of Winnipeg and Sir John Aird of Toronto have advocated the above-mentioned Union, and it remains for the Governments of the Prairies to do something before bankruptcy faces them, and then the West can speak with a united voice in all matters of public concern.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AUTHOR

ON A STORMY MORNING I was born. It was cold and wintry, one of those days that Hamilton, Ontario, expects in the month of February. It happened to be Friday, the thirteenth. All this I heard from those who know. The part I know from self knowledge is that it was in the North end of Hamilton, reputed at that time to be the district of the so-called wild Irish living down by the Bay, where men were men and policemen went in pairs.

When I was a lad I always believed the North end of Hamilton was hallowed because Bishop Dowling, our beloved Lordship, spent his boyhood days in that part, and his then sacred personage was doubly dear because as a wee boy he came from the same place in Ireland as my dearly beloved grandmother, who was known to those who crossed in the sailboat with her, seventy-four years before, as Mary McInnerney.

We belonged to St. Mary's Cathedral parish because we lived across Picton Street West, and according to the dictates of Rome one must attend the church in the parish boundaries in which one resides. St. Lawrence's church, whose pastor was Father Brady, was only five blocks distant, and clearly I remember my dear father taking my sister and myself to that church to have our throats blessed one cold February night, a custom in Rome occurring on the second of February. The lighted candles are turned near the throat, and the faithful believe they will be preserved from throat infections for the coming season.

I attended St. Mary's separate school, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph, where Jack Caffery and Billy Sherring, two famous Canadians, first learned their A, B, C's. My mother insisted that I become an altar boy and consulted Dean Mahoney, rector of the cathedral. On

December 8, 1907, I donned the surplice of a sanctuary boy under the leadership of Tom Coughlin, now Father Coughlin, the famous radio priest of Detroit. I soon became an acolyte, served the first six o'clock mass ever celebrated in Hamilton and then became the master of ceremonies, rising in two years to be President, the highest honour in that society. How proud I was to serve the famous Dean, afterwards Monsignor Mahoney. Little did those who gazed at my purple, red, and white gown realize what, besides their holy predictions, I was destined to be.

The school I attended was for boys. I passed the entrance, later taking a year's business and commercial course. I recall the various sisters who taught me. I loved them then, and now, but in a different way, and as some of them read these lines, memory's chain has not blotted my gratitude to them for the patience they manifested. The whacking I received at times on my little legs is still fresh in my memory. Now, however, I see how Rome works with the young. Frequently we were told of the fearful things that would happen to us if we ever went against our Church. Numerous stories were related which put a cold shiver through our little beings.

It is not my purpose here to narrate any of these tales, but if you ask how Rome holds her people, I should say by "tales." The old system knows the power of early suggestion. How many of you readers can vividly recall incidents of your childhood? In fact your memory is found the better regarding events of your childhood than for things that happened recently. It follows that if Protestants in Canada wish to hold their numerous denominations together, they must find a salient power that will leave its imprint on the minds of its adolescents.

In September, 1911, shortly after the defeat of Laurier and the proposed Reciprocity Pact, the time came when I was to go to college. I was told that "they" had decided

to send me to college to be a priest since I had won a scholarship in Latin and would get a year free.

Sunday, October 12, I was given a presentation and send-off by the Sanctuary boys of St. Mary's, Hamilton; Monday morning I bade goodbye to my father, mother, sister, and all, and with Monsignor Mahoney, the Vicar-General of Hamilton diocese, was brought to St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario, to commence my long course of studies.

I still remember that morning of departure. Berlin was only sixty miles away, but such a distance then, and particularly in Ontario, was considered far. Monsignor Mahoney accompanied me to college; how many priests today, who read these lines, can boast of a Vicar-General of a diocese bringing them to college?

My Mother, who was, and is, as good and sweet a soul as ever lived, had tears in her eyes when her fourteen-year-old boy left that morning; she, like every other Irish heart, felt her prayer was answered, God had given her that highest desire of a Catholic Mother's heart, a boy at the Altar—a priest. In this may I say I sympathize and understand. I know that "man proposes but God disposes."

Here let me say, what I afterwards elected to do is my own act; true, in the eyes of most Roman Catholics I am doomed, but God is my judge and I am sincere, and I am ready to face the consequences regardless of their effect.

My life at college was interesting—up every morning at 5:30; 6:00 to 7:00 the famous study hour on the empty stomach; 7:00-7:30 mass; 7:45 breakfast; 8:15 till 5:45 class except an hour and a half for dinner. I waited on table for 3 years; ran the college store for 4 years; was assistant-manager of the semi-annual college plays; secretary for one year of the Athletic Association (the year St. Jerome's College defeated O.A.C. of Guelph); and was the business manager of the *Schoolman* magazine, a monthly publication. I increased the advertising 600 per

cent, got a write-up for the paper in both Berlin (now Kitchener) papers. During the summer months I worked at various occupations, such as record clerk in a C.P.R. freight office; purser on a lake boat; timekeeper city corporation, and conductor and motorman on the street railway. Thus by working during the summer and at college, and by putting in eight straight years of solid study and constant work, I was able to graduate from St. Jerome's College, and thereby be ready for the Seminary in Montreal.

College days are testing days; although a student at St. Jerome's then could not go downtown without permission, could not smoke only under certain conditions, etc., etc.

It is not my purpose here to go into detail on this phase of my life, but there was one incident during my graduation year which needs mentioning at this time.

Kitchener was the county town of Waterloo, and in the midst of a strong German and German descent population. Naturally, being in the war days, anxious eyes were focussed on this district—in fact, if less had been said about it, less would have happened which is today considered an unpleasant part of Canadian history.

Sir Robert Borden, then the Premier, introduced an amendment to the M.S.A. which granted exemption to Protestant and Roman Catholic students in order that they could finish their studies for the ministry and priesthood respectively. At once the Orange members of the Government Party objected on the grounds that Divinity students had no more right to exemption than any other body. A round robin was organized and the Government was told in no uncertain terms that there would be a rebellion if the said amendment went through.

At this part I wish to draw attention to a fact worth noting. These Members of Parliament thought that all eligible Quebec men would become Divinity students,

and the objection was on this ground—but what happened? Clever Rome, whose priests are skilled in the arts of finesse and keen politics, outwitted these sincere Protestants in a way that made the Conservative Party a laughing stock in Quebec.

The Minister of Justice Doherty, an ardent Roman Catholic and Knight of Columbus, brought in an amendment worded that only clerics or members of the clergy be exempt, and our ardent Conservative members, not at that time having any one knowing the inner workings to guide them, said, "Sure, we are satisfied." They did not know that the Roman Catholic church labels its students having the tonsure, which can be received four years before a man is ordained a priest, as clergy. Thus Canada saw the spectacle of every Protestant College wiped out, and the Roman Catholic seminaries crowded to the doors. Most readers will recall the raid made on the Guelph Jesuit Novitiate, when the Minister of Justice's son was in attendance.

The writer at this time was among the chosen. I was the only one who registered for military service, wishing to go at the end of my college course, which would be in June, 1918. I was granted the exemption. Through some reason the said exemption was cancelled, and I was ordered to report to London, Ontario. Feeling I was treated unfairly, I took the train to Ottawa, saw the Member of Parliament for North Waterloo, Mr. Euler, afterwards the Honorable Mr. Euler, was his guest for a day, met Sir Wilfrid Laurier, received some advice from him, and on this day in Ottawa, the same day as the famous secret session, got my first baptism in Politics.

The man I was to work on for my point was the Minister of Justice. How was I to do it?

That night I sat in the Commons, temporarily held in the Museum Building, and listened to a speech by Right Honorable A. Meighen. Later I caught Honorable

Doherty in the lobby, got him into his private office, and argued for twenty minutes to no avail. Then I reminded him that "while visiting Guelph I met his son." He looked at me with amazement, for no one outside the College proper knew where the son was. Five minutes afterwards I received what I wanted and next morning I got a certificate from Lieutenant-Colonel Machin. I journeyed back to Kitchener, Ontario, and walked into the college refectory with what I went after.

Colonel Macauley, who afterwards instituted the Guelph raid, was right. I now say that as a Protestant and true Britisher, and the whitewash which the late Sir Samuel Hughes gave Doherty is only one example of many instances the writer knows of where principle has been made subservient to political expediency. May I also say now, as an Orangeman to Brother Orangemen, "Purge our order of slimy politicians who are abusing a grand institution for political purposes." In fact, if I had my way, no politician of any stripe would speak at a Twelfth of July celebration, for all that they care for is votes.

The Conservative Party is no better than the Liberal, since they cater to the organized minority—Rome, and in dealing with the Roman Catholics they only need to deal with one type of man—the priest.

It reminds me of the 1925 election fight in Ontario. I was in a town near Brantford and met the Conservative candidate, a lawyer, who was very friendly with me. However, on learning of my Roman Catholic opposition he was afraid to walk downtown with me, saying, "I get the Orangemen's vote anyway but I have to be careful of the priest."

The above incident wasn't as bad as an experience I had while still a Roman Catholic altar boy. I was riding on the C.P.R. train to Toronto with a priest accompanying me on a short journey. A leading politician who belonged to six lodges and orders sought the priest's company, and in

the course of the conversation the priest reminded him of a speech he had made against separate schools. Biting his cigar and using the spittoon, he smiled a sneering smile and said, "Oh! those ———! it only is to keep those ——— quiet. You know we give your great church first consideration."

I could go on *ad infinitum*, but what's the use? Protestantism is divided; Rome is united. Does not the Roman Church get whatever it goes after? Have not all political parties catered to it? Didn't even the Drury-Raney Farmer Government of Ontario fall for their trickery just as they got the Anderson Government of Saskatchewan when they asked the Co-ops to drop Maloney, knowing the consequences? Are they not getting Bennett the same way? Let the moral be—lay off Rome; it is dynamite to flirt with her.

While working as timekeeper for the city corporation, one summer vacation, I had an experience which is well worth recording. I was tipped off that a certain contractor was registering teams that were not on the job and that if I wasn't careful I would be caught in a net. I watched my chance and quietly investigated. Gathering information, I laid it before the Superintendent and the Secretary of the Board of Works, who co-operated—an investigation followed—Chester Walters led the fight and history records the big expose! The Chester Walters referred to here was afterwards Canada's head of Income Tax under the Finance Department.

Graduation from college being over I journeyed to the Grand at Montreal. There at the Seminary began my last lap in my studies for priesthood. Life was exceedingly hard—everything is done to break the stamina of the future priest.

Up at 5:00—bed at 9:00; poor meals,—no newspapers whatever—no smoking—one foot inside a fellow student's door meant instant expulsion. Hardest of all was

the rule of practically perpetual silence. When we were fortunate enough to get out we wore the long black skirts on the streets, and good indeed did a woman look when we saw one. Indeed so suspicious were these Parisian priests that they recommended we wear trunks when we took a bath.

A red-blooded young man of 22, I lived this life till the 'flu, which was raging then, took me in its grasp. I was put in the Hotel Dieu, where I was attended by the Sisters of Petite Soeur de Ste. Joseph. One in particular, a very pretty maiden, took a liking to me. "Poor Petite," as she called me, and very soon I found that the iron bars and the cold gray walls of a Convent did not securely encase the ideas of popery.

"Vocation" is the word in Rome for a call to the priesthood. If you do not become a priest, pious Roman Catholics will frequently say, "Oh! he had no vocation." Intelligent people, however, know that many men and women enter the religious life of Rome through parental or other influences.

Nature, for a definite reason, gave us certain passions, and I then began to contend and now positively assert that for any man or set of men to make laws contrary to this is not only immoral but absurd as well. Many a man, whose quiet countenance brings peace to troubled souls, hides a deeper trouble within his inmost being. Sleep they may—pray they do to the Good God who hears them call—but deep within their heart is the earnest supplication, "May my soul follow soon —."

I went one day to my spiritual adviser and told him my troubles. He simply said, "Pray, meditate and ask the pure Virgin to intercede for you." Another day he advised me to go down the cellar and meditate among the graves of the dead Sulpician Fathers who, one after the other, row in row, some fifty graves, are buried there—I went down with the dead, read the words, "*Sic transit*

gloria mundi" (thus passes the glory of the world). I wondered what worldly glory these man had had, as I moved silently amid their graves and read aloud the printed words on some simple stone. The damp air, the awesome stillness, the utter depressing atmosphere suddenly disgusted me, and I thought that God never intended such asceticism.

Some nights I walked the floor of my room and gazed out of the window as the lights went by on Sherbrooke West. The lure of the world, I thought, may be just the devil tempting me. But no, God did not mean I should be a priest. I felt I had no vocation, That was it. Then my confessor had said most students were troubled the same way, so I was sure it was temptation. Priests should marry, I said to myself. Rebellion entered my heart. I went home, saw my Bishop, joined the Catholic Extension Missionary Canvassers' Band to find out, to see, to study—in a word, to understand.

I went into hundreds of Roman Catholic homes from Montreal to Windsor, and had many amusing and pathetic experiences which would fill a book in itself. Well do I remember St. Patrick's ward in Montreal—poverty—no curtains on many windows, children running the streets half naked, yet a million-dollar cathedral in the midst which these people were paying for. My faith was slipping fast. I stayed with parish priests and went out one night with one of them in company of two girls on a trip that was not holy. After locking car in garage, the priest smiled and said, "What a pair!" I said, "And you'd never think it to look at them." Oh! we know it's the confessional.

During my younger days I had intimately associated with Bishop Dowling, in fact some people said I was his pet, and many a time I heard this great conversationalist tell how he and other members of the hierarchy had gotten

favours out of governments. Through him I learnt much of the Jesuit trickery in Canadian public life.

But Rome was watching, for I looked dangerous. The newspaper, *Catholic Register*, was at that time very anti-British. I protested to Archbishop McNeill of Toronto, head of the Extension Society; he agreed with me about its attitude, but Father O'Donnell, the editor and active President, continued to attack all things British, and it wasn't long until I was fired. I protested to the Archbishop; he agreed with me, and told me "to go on," which I did. Subsequently a notice was placed in the *Register* paper and postcards were sent out. I was eating dinner with the priest at Niagara Falls, Ontario, when one of the postcards, broadcasted regarding my dismissal, arrived. Through diplomacy I got him to give me his, went to a firm of lawyers, sued for libel, and also entered an action for wages alleged due.

The fat was in the fire. I had committed the unpardonable offence of fighting a priest openly. The *Hamilton Herald* gave me an editorial under the able pen of "J. Lewis." In part it read: "John Maloney, a bright and promising young man, has this day entered an action which we hope will go to trial in order that opportunity may be afforded the loyal Catholics of Ontario to prove that the attitude of the *Catholic Register*, under the pen of Father O'Donnell, is repudiated and detested by all decent and liberty-loving Catholics." . . . "The *Register* of late has been an organ of Sinn Fein principles, noted for the lurid and virulent manner in which it discusses Anglo-Irish relations," etc.

Two weeks afterwards I was threatened, through a firm of lawyers, "We will lay a charge if you don't quit." I did not quit. But I was charged with stealing \$100.00. I went to trial on their charge and at first came out victorious. Not one single count could be proved. It was only bluff on the prosecution's part and it showed them

up. The *Hamilton Spectator* said editorially: "A certain religion noted for its heavenly aspirations has quite recently demonstrated that it possesses an inordinate degree of earthly greed." The *Hamilton Herald* also commented editorially: "J. J. Maloney's numerous friends did not need the verdict of his honorable acquittal to convince them that he is incapable of wilful dishonesty."

I sued next for malicious prosecution, but Father O'Donnell left the country for Ireland. We got substitutional service, and he came back. He was removed as editor of the paper and became Bishop of Victoria, British Columbia. We moved for trial and his evidence was taken in Victoria by commission. Later I had the privilege of speaking in Victoria, telling my story there of his alleged anti-British antagonism, and seeing him moved to Nova Scotia.

I saw a priest, one of those men I had been taught to regard as a second Jesus Christ, whom I had so loyally served as an altar boy, trying to condemn me, the son of a respectable father. I was doubtful of Romanism before. Now they feared me, and thought they had an opportunity to down me, but it failed.

Afterwards I wandered about, a troubled soul, young and inexperienced. Often I recalled Lawyer Morgan's words: "Religion seems to me, after this case: get what you can here below."

I went to Toronto, fell into irreligion, but one day, wandering into Cooke's Presbyterian Church, met dear old Dr. Wm. Patterson, a noble-hearted Irishman from Belfast, who seemed to understand my predicament. He spoke words of kindness and instructed me in the Bible. I joined his church. Later I was asked to speak at a small gathering, the audience was anxious to have me give the story of my conversion publicly. I decided I might as well tell the whole story, and through the kind assistance

of Mr. W. McPhee, then associate editor of the *Sentinel*, I was scheduled to tell my story to the world.

So the "awakening of a struggling" soul manifested itself on August 22, 1922, when, before a capacity audience that filled Cooke's Church to the roof, I denounced the errors of Romanism.

The fat was now definitely in the fire. Roman Catholics who had felt any sympathy toward me during the persecution of O'Donnell now boycotted me. The wheels of the Inquisition were set in motion and have been going ever since, till the frame-ups at Edmonton asserted themselves.

My mother and father also suffered. Then priests came after me. They had been afraid to do anything since previously I had beaten one of their number. Now it was different—my oratory might be dangerous, my knowledge of some of the secrets of Romanism, a few of which I have kept to this day, might be revealed.

Rome then decided through Jesuit influence to laugh me off. Here they now say they made a mistake. Halls were blocked, the press was threatened, bribes were offered, but onward I went. From Toronto to Hamilton, Dundas, Orangeville, Caledon, Durham, Goderich, Seaford, Clinton, Exeter, Hensall, Woodstock, Thomesford, London, Niagara Falls, Grimsby, Guelph, Galt, Kitchener, Carlisle, Freelon, Holstein, and other places I held forth in preaching from August 22, 1922, to December, 1925. It was the crusade of the word of God against what I believed to be the Scarlet Woman—Rome.

At Kitchener, Ontario, soldiers were needed for my protection, but the Orangemen held a celebration there the same year, the parade taking two hours to pass a given point. The Lutheran people of Kitchener accorded me the honor of St. Mathew's Church for a meeting. At Rothesay Presbyterian Church an attempt to blow up

the building, on the part of some wild ones from a nearby town, was definitely frustrated.

The press of Ontario was extremely fair, which is more than can be said for the West. The *Toronto Telegram*, which is acknowledged as Canada's most powerful newspaper, carried 200 write-ups in all. Ministers of the Gospel gave me much support. However, the road was hard at times. Well do I remember packing a church three nights in succession and after each meeting receiving the handshake and admiring look of many whom later I learned belonged to that fickle majority "with you today, and against you tomorrow."

I knew what it was to walk the streets of Toronto hungry. Word had gone out I might be a spy or that I was just sore, and would have to prove myself. A leading lodge man informed me that he had tried to get them to send me from coast to coast, as my speaking was inspiring, but that the party to which most of them belonged was going to get thirty seats in Quebec at the coming Federal Election, and they were afraid. I did not want to quit—*dogged perseverance* has always been my watchword—so I continued.

One night while driving my car on the Main Street of Dundas an incident occurred which showed that to some extent I had to fight not only Rome but also the doings of those Protestants who are ever ready to lend themselves to her, in the hope that they can make a hit politically or otherwise. However, Rome has far less use for the jelly-fish Protestant than she has for the one who is not afraid to show his or her colors.

Dr. Caldwell was Mayor of Dundas. He told the night constable to go after my car. At the postoffice where I was stopped the officer informed me of his orders. Knowing the reason for the distinguished and extremely honorable Mayor's orders, I journeyed back to the spot where he was accustomed to hang out. I told him what I thought

of him and left. He ordered me chased, but the commandeered car could not catch me. I got into Hamilton, went to a high police official's home, where I was informed a warrant for reckless driving was out for my arrest. I was told it must be spite, as it was not customary to issue warrants on this charge. I went to several other places. All had been notified, but, honestly believing "there was spite," no one would arrest me. However, in Orangeville, Ontario, where I was scheduled to speak the following Sunday night, the Chief executed the warrant. Arrangements were made to hold off the execution of the warrant until Sunday, and late that afternoon Dundas was notified. After the meeting I was secretly taken to Dundas, where I agreed that in consideration of the stay of execution until Sunday, I would not tell the audience I had been arrested. The local authorities feared a riot should this fact become known.

Some time later I returned to Orangeville and spoke. A number of people asked me, "Did you not know you were going to be arrested, yet you spoke as though nothing was wrong?"

The trial eventually took place before the local Magistrate of Dundas, a Mr. Fry, who was also town clerk. I lost, but appealed the case and won grandly.

Much comment followed re the actions of the local Magistrate in issuing a warrant where a summons would have done. The Attorney-General wanted to investigate, but soft-heartedly I replied, "I understand. It's not worth bothering about."

At Stratford, St. Mary's, Woodham, Granton and other points most of my collection went for the orphanage. At all times I spoke of the free Gospel. Orange lodges sprang up; memberships increased; praise was given my work in the *Sentinel*, and I had the honor to hear of it later from John Easton, Grand Master of British America, when he

and I visited two lodges on one night in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Here I want to thank the Orangemen as individuals for their hearty support and sincere sympathy. The Roman Catholics in various places objected to my work. At Galt they organized to block our getting the City Hall, but the subsequent defeat, which I partly organized, of Johnny McIrvine as Mayor showed the disapproval of the Protestant people of the district towards any attempt to blockade free speech. My words were never bitter—merely a fight for what I believed to be right.

After the successful victory of the Conservative Party in the election of 1925 (a fight I played some part in, believing that Mackenzie King was run by Quebec), I journeyed to Ottawa, took advantage of an opportunity to go to Saskatchewan and landed in Saskatoon on February 5, 1926. From there I went to Prince Albert and delivered one address which was broadcasted. I studied a few of the workings of the Liberal machine, and returned to Saskatoon where the Conservatives gave me a banquet, thence to Victoria for my health. Through the appeal of Mr. Hoey I spoke to the Orangemen there and later on the radio to get my message to the Victoria people who are so tolerant. This speech brought the crowds—25,000 in 65 meetings. I also spoke to the Gyro Club and the Knights of the Round Table on Canada and her greatness, but my greatest experience here was a debate sponsored by the Rev. Clem Davies, an ardent and successful minister of that city, on the subject, "Canada would be better as an independent nation." I had the negative side and Walter Macraye, a Canadian poet and apostle of Canadianism, the positive side. We had to hold two meetings on the one evening on account of the crowds which packed the Capitol Theatre.

May, 1927, just before the success of Hon. Mr. Tolmie at the polls, I left for the Prairies to commence my Saskatchewan fight on the School question. The last one to

bid me goodbye was the late Honorable Mr. Bowser, whom I regarded at the time as the smartest man in public life west of the Great Lakes. I forgot to say goodbye to someone else and hereby hangs a tale—oh! well it wasn't meant to be.

I arrived in Saskatchewan, the land of rolling prairie, rich in golden wheat fields, and peopled by the blood of many nations. It was a province in which I was destined to make history. Little did I realize that the inspiring thrill I felt as I gazed at the golden horizon one evening from the observation car of the speeding Trans-Canada Limited, was the premonition that though the province I was then traversing for the most part knew me not, before long I was to be the famous political machine's greatest worry. My voice was to be heard numerous times over the radio; 200,000 persons were to pay fifty cents admission to hear me. Incidentally I was to meet the beautiful prairie girl from a northern point who was to be the Mother of my loving child. Time may take me to distant places, but Saskatchewan, the land of virile men and noble women, will always remain a picture of persons, places and events that time can never erase from the scroll of memory.

My first lecture was at Loreburn where the Drummond family resided. Later I went to Kyle, the district Mr. Stewart Draper resided in. This man was my friend, and if I have ever met one who lived richly and fully it was this man. I spoke throughout the district, which is peopled by a fine class of industrious and prosperous people, many of them being of sturdy Scandinavian or German origin.

Destiny led me to Indian Head, where a relative of Mr. Draper's lived. While there I was asked to deliver an address to a crowded hall, where I was interrupted by a Roman Catholic school teacher.

At this time the Ku Klux Klan was being organized in Saskatchewan by three Americans, Pat. Emmons and the two Scotts. The immigration question was giving much concern, for trainload after trainload of Southern and Central Europeans were being brought in, most of whom were Roman Catholics.

Suddenly the leaders of the Klan disappeared and great consternation prevailed. Rumors were flying thick and fast and discontent was disbanding the Klan organization. Jesuitism was creeping in, for Rome did not want the Klan and neither did the famous political machine which commanded a solid Roman Catholic vote. It was finally decided to call a post mortem meeting in Regina to which I was not admitted.

Through investigation I got in touch with some of the spies behind the lines. I arranged to meet a good Protestant, Dr. W. D. Cowan, now the Member of Parliament for Long Lake, and J. W. Rosborough, and, as a result of our conversation, I promised to attend a meeting in Moose Jaw to be held at a later date. Unfortunately I was not informed till 6:00 p.m. on the day set. I hurried to the C.P.R. depot and was told I could not get on the Trans-Canada train, as it did not carry passengers between divisional points. It was impossible to use a taxi, as the Moose Jaw highway was muddy at the time. Still persevering, I boarded the train without a ticket, sat in the dining-car and ordered a meal. In this way I got to Moose Jaw on that train, in time. I landed at the I.O.O.F. hall, where the famous meeting was in session, got to the front and listened to the pros and cons of various members. Some suggested carrying on, others wanted to disband and have nothing more to do with the organization.

Many at that meeting were sincere in their call for disbandment, but it was evident that Jesuitism and the machine were well represented and anxious for closing shop.

At eleven o'clock I was asked to say a few words. I got started, and before I got finished I had been going two hours without being heckled. The double-crossing hirelings pulled in their guns and took it all in. My closing words were, "Carry on and you will have the laugh on the machine; quit and their objective will be accomplished."

They did carry on, and the Klan organization rose from a few thousand members that night to 245 lodges six months hence, and was able by June 6, 1929, to bring about the biggest surprise in Canadian political history.

It did not do all that without many trials, setbacks, and disappointments. The story of these is not entirely connected with me personally, but I shall touch upon certain incidents in the course of my treatise where I feel their relationship coincided with mine.

Melville, Saskatchewan, was the scene of a very interesting meeting which will be long remembered, particularly by those who attended.

I was addressing a capacity audience in the German-Canadian hall. Into the midst of same walked the parish priest, Father Pander, and like a bolt from the blue he shouted, "Calles is a murderer," referring to the then President of Mexico. Excitement ran high. My secretary was in the chair and he endeavored to make peace by asking the priest to keep his seat and await the end of the meeting, when he would have an opportunity to ask any questions or even give his side. However, the disturbing one found the truth hurting and insisted on interrupting.

I reminded Father Pander that Protestants do not interrupt Roman Catholic services but accord them every courtesy. What does Rome care? When she gets control she will do to every other Province what she is now doing in Quebec.

I locked horns with Father Pander in debate, asking him to prove how he made God at Mass. He quoted Scripture: "This is my body." I asked him if Christ passed

around his own body at the Last Supper. He did not answer, but said the Catholic Church believes in the Scripture which proves the Mass, in other words that Christ is in the Bread corporeally.

I then demanded that Father Pander repeat his words, that was, prove the Mass by the Scriptures. He again replied that all the Roman Catholic claims in this respect are founded on the Bible.

I asked him, that since he was so fond of following the Bible in the matter of the Communion, why did he, the priest, give only "the bread" to the people and not "the wine." After the laughter subsided Father Pander angrily shouted, "That needs no explanation!" The people of Melville, however, are still in the dark as to why the priest gets both the wine and the bread and the people only the latter.

Some indication of Father Pander's anger was indicated by the type of circulars he afterwards broadcasted, challenging Maloney to debate. The word "explode" was used for "expose." Maloney showed up for the debate but the priest did not. A write-up had appeared in the *Leader-Post* of Regina and higher authorities not only stopped their priest but soon after had him removed as Parish Priest of Melville after 19 years' sojourn.

On this particular night of the debate in the German-Canadian hall, I met with a narrow escape from serious injury. An ardent Roman Catholic, whose exuberance carried away his better judgment, raised an iron bar and struck at my head. It came very close to me while my back was turned, but, thanks to the vigilance of Phil. Walters, I was saved perhaps from death. Thus I risked everything at times for a cause I regarded sacred, yet when the Anderson Government got into power they forgot me. In their pride and conceit they wanted to believe they did it all.

Melville had a strong Klan. This town has a large German and Lutheran population, noted for their industry and good citizenship, and I always felt at home among these people who are sincere. They are not given to splash and show, but if they are your friends you can count on them at all times. When July 12th, 1928, came I was invited to speak at the huge Orange celebration. I was given a hearty welcome by the Mayor, who was chairman. On the platform with me was Reverend Blanchette, an ex-bishop of the Roman Church, and Dr. J. H. Hawkins, the latter a lecturer for the Klan, who was afterwards ordered deported by the King Government. That night the Klan arranged another celebration, at which a fiery cross was to be burnt. Five thousand people were on the grounds but Dr. Hawkins did not show up. I was asked to take his place, which I did. No threats of shooting in the dark deterred me from speaking, and the ceremony will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. John Wendland, Gus. Anweiler and Fred. Bender saw that I got protection.

Macklin was another centre which was the scene of a merry time. Mr. Coates and I landed at this point and registered at a Roman Catholic hotel. Were they bitter? I even had sheets thrown on me as I descended the stairs. The hall, which had been booked, was cancelled overnight and the local secretary of the Municipality threatened because he was accused of granting me the use of it to fight Rome. As a matter of fact he did not know the purpose of the meeting, but merely fulfilled his duty when he saw an opportunity to make some money for the hall board. However, we secured the Orange hall at Evesham, and spoke twice in the one night. The Macklin people, who had come seven miles to attend, were, for the most part, a determined crowd, and after they had heard my explanation, more determined than ever that I should have their hall. The next night while speaking at Luse-

land, Saskatchewan, to a capacity audience, I received word that I could have Macklin hall when I wanted it. I returned to Macklin, spoke and conquered, but it took two policemen and several citizens over thirty minutes to keep order. It was said that there were men ready to shoot me, but I spoke just the same.

Mazenod, Saskatchewan, near Gravesbourg, was the scene of much excitement when it was announced that J. J. Maloney was coming to speak. Mr. D. C. Grant went ahead, and two mounties policed the town. Lights were to go out by water being put in the gasoline of the light plant and rocks were to be thrown at my head. Darkness did prevail, but lights went out too soon, and the trouble was remedied. My address that night apparently got the French-Canadians thinking, for they wanted more.

At Meota, where for seventy minutes I faced 40 semi-intoxicated halfbreeds led by two heelers, certain ones paid over \$100.00 in fines the next day.

In all these trying times we had our humorous experiences too. One incident in particular stands out in my memory. It was near Tramping Lake, north of Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, where the districts were fairly strongly Roman Catholic.

Mr. Grant and I called at Broadacres. Someone recognized me and word was sent ahead, so that, on reaching Tramping Lake, the town was fairly well peopled. I was a curiosity, and one woman on passing me made the sign of the cross. Mr. Grant walked up to the door of the school and the following conversation occurred:

Question: "Does Miss Brown teach here?"

Answer: "No, there are only Sisters at this school."

Question: "Well, is this not a public school?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question: "Are there any Protestants here?"

Answer: "No, they are at the separate school across the way."

Question: "Where?" said Mr. Grant, "I can't see any school there."

Answer: "In the cellar of the Roman Catholic Church."

The above fact, namely, that Protestant children were in the cellar of a Roman Catholic Church, was never denied by the Liberal machine, and this affair did much to turn four ridings.

While driving south Mr. Grant and I called at a Russian Roman Catholic's yard for some water from their well, and, before leaving, Mr. Grant took some chalk and wrote the words: "Maloney and the K.K.K. were here." After we passed out to the road the Russian woman could be seen throwing up her hands and running wildly into the house. "The devil had been in her barnyard." I remarked that another kind of water was used that night in a sprinkling manner.

It is not my purpose here to go into the intricacies of the famous machine. They knew their stuff. Road, dairy, chicken, school, weed, and even bull inspectors were all part of it. Every now and then they met and reported. The Klan upset their famous methods. They did not know its membership. Suspect they might, often incorrectly, but I will say this for the Liberals—they were always true to their friends, and the perfection of their organization was by the central control of locals. I could say more on this point, but it is entirely unnecessary. I have always held the respect of the Liberals of Saskatchewan, being sincere and never selling out, and I hope to continue to hold that respect.

I said I would condemn the Anderson Government even with my father-in-law a member of it if they failed. They did, and I made the speech in Saskatoon last Fall in the Regent Hall to a capacity audience which I am told today was the beginning of the end.

Never did I refuse a call to speak, no matter where the district. Even Govenouer in the heart of the French-Canadian settlements was visited. I have been criticized and it has been said, "Look at the money he took in." Oh! yes, and look at the money I paid out—hall rents, salaries, advertising, phone calls, telegrams, railway and hotel expenses for two, sometimes three and four, office rent, stenographers, business manager, editor of paper and printing of same, which showed a \$20,000.00 deficit, hundred per cent commissions to subscription agents, as our objective was to put over the paper all to win the election, and did I ever receive a cent back? No. They forgot, and one of the men who received the most patronage in printing and help from the Anderson-MacMillan Government was the very man who one time would not release our paper without the money being paid in advance. "But chickens always come home to roost." They didn't get a single seat at the next election.

I have every respect, however, for most of the members. They were powerless against certain factions that were anxious to keep in with Quebec. It sometimes makes me sick, "Quebec! Quebec! Quebec!" One would think that at least in B. C. one could not appoint a Provincial Mosquito Inspector without finding out how Quebec feels.

As for brains, Honorable Bryant towered over the whole legislature, and whilst not a politician, his word, yes or no, was backed by principle. My father-in-law, W. W. Miller of Biggar, Saskatchewan, was always true. He suffered, for when he was told he was not to have Maloney speak in Biggar, he did, and on the night in question a raging fire destroyed his large departmental store and reduced one of the wealthiest men in Saskatchewan practically to bankruptcy. However, he'll come back, for he is made of the right stuff.

As for my parents, the Ontario Tories, when they took over the Hamilton Street Railway, cut off my father's

pension. I was sent West to smash the terrible machine and what thanks did I get? I ask: Is Toryism going to change?

But getting back to the main issue of 1929—it was the school question. The Conservatives, being advised to concentrate on 40 ridings and let 23 go, won 34, and remained in power for five years.

Much more could be said on the Saskatchewan political situation, but it's over now and part of history. Suffice to say that while East in 1930 I met a Roman Catholic cleric who did not know to whom he was speaking, and gave him information on Saskatchewan. His answer was, "I must tell the Archbishop; thank you very much."

Quebec feared the West after the Saskatchewan turnover and they bet 25 on one horse and 40 on the other so as to be on both sides. Saskatchewan put Mr. Bennett in power.

When my forthcoming book on the proposed union of the three Prairie provinces is published I shall go more into detail and give the conversation that occurred one night at Semans between Pat and Mike when Maloney was on the air talking on purgatory. I shall also tell of the time when I was hit with a bottle in the Saskatchewan hotel, and as a result had to be married with my arm in a sling; the frame-up at Edenwold; the soldierly meeting at Briercrest; the close call at Winnipeg Zion United Church; the incident with Mr. Russell, prominent K.C., at Brandon, etc., etc.

I cannot close Saskatchewan's story without reference to the famous Radville and Dealtry court cases. The former concerned a complainant, Ediness, who said I struck him at a public meeting. The presiding Magistrate Martin permitted the court to be held in the theatre. The Klan took up a collection, and many of my good friends had to pay to get in. Mr. Bryant, K.C., was my solicitor.

We won. The decision was, "Even if Maloney did hit the complainant he had a right to! Case dismissed."

The Dealtry case concerned a well-known scandal sheet, *The Reporter*, published weekly, and bang! when Maloney and Mr. R. Snelgrove landed in Saskatoon, away went *The Reporter*.

"Why could I not be a priest?" was the chief cry of this paper.

Dealtry was arrested, the trial, the Saskatoon daily *Star-Phoenix* claimed, creating the greatest interest of any up to that time in northern Saskatchewan. Women were at the Court House door at six; hundreds turned away; seven pages devoted to it in the local papers. Some had tried to convict him before, but it finished Saskatoon's scandal sheet, and the Jesuits, who were smiling, were not in Court to hear the words of the accused when sentenced: "Those who gave me the information were not there when I needed them."

The following amusing story I want to tell on myself:

I was riding in the pullman of a C.N.R. main line train when a fat man in the corner of the smoker remarked:

"This man Maloney is raising h——."

"Yes," said I.

"He ought to be shot," replied my fat friend.

"Do you know Maloney?" was my question.

"Sure I knew him in Hamilton, Ontario. He has a fine father and mother but they didn't spank him enough, and he was petted at college by his bishop."

"Oh!" said I.

"And you know he is the father of five babies, gets drunk, etc., etc. But this Dealtry has the goods on him, and the *Reporter* will eventually expose him and drive him out of Saskatoon."

"He's speaking in Saskatoon tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, but I wouldn't pay 50 cents to hear a pack of lies."

"But why shouldn't you go and hear him once and challenge him?"

"Oh! I wouldn't be bothered," was the answer of my friend, given with a shrug.

"But," said I, "you know I'd like to see and hear this man, and if you're a sport I'll meet you at the Hotel and we'll go together. I'll even pay your way in. If you're a sport I'll dare you, unless you're scared."

"I'm not," was the reply.

It was agreed that we meet at 7:30 in the lobby of the hotel in Saskatoon that night.

At 7:25 J. J. Maloney was in the hotel lobby behind a post. In walked my friend, and pulling out his watch he gazed in my direction just as the bell boy called out the words, "A call for Mr. J. J. Maloney, here's the number," and handed me a card.

My friend turned red, white, and then blue. I gave him my hand. He smiled and so did I. He came to the meeting that night, and later, on a train, while I was having a conversation with Mr. Woodsworth, M.P., this same man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Maloney, I've joined the church of my wife."

All during the Saskatchewan campaign I published the *Freedman* at a huge loss. I expected to get some of it back, but it's a fact that in eight years I have published 86 issues of my paper totalling over 400,000 copies for the Protestant cause, and have run the paper without advertisements, thus losing over \$25,000.00—the cream from my meetings.

The last three weeks of the famous election in Saskatchewan I travelled a total of 4,000 miles and spent the last five days in my father-in-law's constituency. After I had spoken at two points the "machine" sent out twenty book agents to tell the various farmers how to mark their ballots first, second and third choice. We sent out twenty men looking for "stray horses" to tell them the truth.

Thus, on June 6, 1929, I saw victory. I married Miss Lenora Miller on September 26, 1929, and journeyed Eastward on our honeymoon to visit my parents. I was in time to see my beloved grandmother before she passed on, and visited Mr. Cecil Armstrong in Toronto, an old friend of the Miller family.

I turned West and gave my attention to Alberta and the impending Dominion election, believing as I did that the domination of Quebec was real.

After the Saskatchewan elections I moved my activities to Alberta, and on the request of the Grand Master of Alberta, Mr. A. E. Williams, spoke in the Vermilion district, thus reaching some twenty points. Much comment on this campaign appeared in the Toronto *Sentinel*. Numerous applications poured into the Orange, and new lodges sprang up. I went from here to Vulcan, where I was arrested on a charge of having crossed the border six months before without registering my car. On being taken to Calgary I was questioned but no more was heard of it. I then invaded the Hanna district, the guest of Mr. M. A. MacLeod, a splendid type of man, now in Vancouver, B. C. At Killam, Alberta, I met Mr. John Marchand, a splendid man, whose heart understood my work, for he too had accepted truth for darkness. He has since passed on, but his memory lingers in my soul.

In the spring of 1930 I journeyed to Ottawa, and the reporters there would have it, "Maloney is up to some political trick." I was asked by one if it was true the Tories had sent for me, but had refused aid? If I had said, "Yes, they turned me down," it would have been used among the Orangemen of Ontario as an example of Tory ingratitude for what I had done in Saskatchewan, but if it was true that they had helped me, Quebec was to have heard about it. I merely shrugged my shoulders and asked him if he had ever heard of the Sphinx. Most Easterners expected to see a much older man from Saskatchewan. I

visited several places and returned West. I went into the Peace River country under the auspices of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, spoke at 22 points, and met Madame Crawford and Senator Planta's son, Clive, now the M.L.A. from Peace River riding, B. C., at a banquet. "Calgary Dave" Taylor, a loyal Orangeman, accompanied me, and many readers will remember the long and dramatic write-up that appeared in the *Sentinel* about that trip.

Then the fall of 1930 I invaded Calgary, and, with the able assistance of Mr. Moffatt, Reverend Stenberg and others, put on a campaign there which lasted five months. I also transferred my *Freedman*, and, changing its name to *Liberator*, I reached over 250,000 people at this point.

During the month of February my little girl was born, her birthdate occurring on the same date as mine.

Edmonton, the "Rome of the West," saw the commencement of my long campaign on September 6, 1931, when the clarion call to a sleeping Protestantism was definitely sounded before three crowded houses at the Memorial Hall.

Edmonton has 165 Roman Catholic properties, various convents and nunneries, seminaries, three colleges, academies, monasteries, three hospitals, the General even being Roman Catholic, Homes of the Good Shepherd, orphanages, etc.; in fact it is the strongest Roman Catholic centre for its size outside of Quebec.

Politicians seeking office were said to curry Roman Catholic aid first. No one could be elected even as Alderman if he incurred the wrath of the Roman Catholic authorities. What is more significant is the fact that all the North Country, which is largely under Roman Catholic domination through an energetic Missionary endeavor, looks to Edmonton as its centre. The head of the church was and is Archbishop O'Leary, whose personality, brain power and acts of finesse are unquestioned.

I walked fearlessly into all this. Knowing the power of Rome, I should have shuddered, but courage has always been my watchword, and I was determined that the spell hanging over Edmonton should be broken and how.

My agent rented the Memorial Hall managed by the local Legion. Immediately Rome got busy. A meeting was arranged with the executive of the hall board, and six Roman Catholic priests argued for two hours on the feasibility of granting me the said hall. The final result, however, was that I got the hall.

From September 6, 1931, to Christmas of that year I reached 100,000 people, speaking some nights three times. I continued speaking every Sunday up to January, 1933, on an average of three meetings per day, and on special occasions during the week, in fact in October, 1931, two meetings were held every week-night for three entire weeks.

Hundreds of dollars were paid the Legion in hall rents; during the period from September, 1931, to January, 1933, a total of four hundred thousand attended the various meetings. Nowhere in Western Canada is there any record of such a campaign that was continuously carried on. While speaking, on five occasions I hired aeroplanes to convey me to my respective points, using the plane of Mr. Grant McConachie.

Interruptors started at the beginning but soon they were silenced, and it got out that "you can't heckle him"—then I had order. Roman Catholics were leaving their church. Protestant churches became better attended, as a result of the crusade. The Klan sprang up overnight and became the greatest order in Edmonton and won a municipal election six weeks after its inception. Convent inspection petitions were sponsored and signed by thousands; the public school board was warned; the matter of giving the city taxpayers' money in the form of grants was challenged through the courts, and over 700 boys

and girls were saved from the dangers of mixed marriages. Twenty-four editions of the *Liberator* were sold on the streets, where the newsboys' familiar shout, "Maloney's *Liberator*," was heard.

I preached the doctrine of British connection as well as upholding Protestant principles. Two million people have heard me speak; hundreds of Roman Catholics have seen the light; thousands have been saved from mixed marriages, and the work that I have done and am doing is only the same as that of Luther and Knox. If what I am doing is wrong today, how can Protestants argue that it wasn't wrong at an earlier period? Those who argue this way are denying the progress of freedom against darkness.

We in Canada are citizens of a British country and our flag is the Union Jack. Its colors are symbolic—the red, emblematic of the blood that has been shed on land and sea; the white for purity and honor, the watchwords of her constitution; and blue, true blue, loyalty, three in one. There are three crosses, that of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, three bloods in one, typifying the Trinity.

The night I spoke on the Flag at the Memorial Hall, Edmonton, was the occasion when a young man was taken from my meeting with a gun in his pocket. I was tipped off a few hours earlier that a certain person was coming on this night for trouble. Our informant stood in the aisle in which the would-be gunman sat. We called our misleading friend out, telling him he was wanted on the phone. Two city detectives were waiting, a search was made and sure enough our Irish Fenian friend had the concealed weapon. Off to the cells he went and next day he was fined. I dropped further charges.

Another night some person or persons placed an old machine gun in an upper window. Consternation prevailed, but I managed to pacify the audience, and beyond

some women fainting, no casualties resulted. On this occasion no one was found in the vicinity.

Thus the storm of revolt or protest had broken. Rome had ruled Edmonton so long that most Protestants were losing their self-respect and meekly taking it as a matter of course, and after every nomination it was a common sight to see many a candidate wending his way to the foot of the throne, there to receive the blessing of the Holy Mother church.

Thus those who read these lines in far-off Nova Scotia, in the U.S.A., or at any other distant point, can draw their own conclusions why so much money and effort was expended in Edmonton, "to get Maloney."

I shall always remember Edmonton and Edmonton will always remember me. I hold no ill-will toward those who double-crossed me. Times are hard and it is understandable, self-preservation is the first law of nature. Lawyers should not be condemned, either, as they work for a fee and that is their business. Even the nun who joined the Klan and changed her garb, to her I say—bravo. Even to the man who tried to break up my home I say, "Cheerio, old boy, better luck next time!" To that newspaperman who offered to write me up in excellent fashion if I'd double the bribe he was to receive from Roman agents, I ask him now how does he feel?

No, I forgive you all. Dan Knott, the Mayor, who didn't want to know me after my paper put him in, even to him I have words of encouragement when I say, "Excelsior, Dan!" Magistrate McLeod, who punished me, has a place too in my forgiveness chest. God bless him! The human rat who connected me with a dead girl killed in our Klan work (a girl I didn't even know personally), I say to him, "God will take care of you. You, like the rest, are having it tough and it wouldn't be right to hold any spite against you." Here, also, I publicly forgive the old Klan. But last of all I want to mention in my round

of forgiveness the three preachers of the cloth who attended police court the day of my frame-up. It sure was good to see you three gents that day—I mean it would have been good had not two of you sneered and given way to your real feelings. It is over now. The plotting did nothing to harm the cause. It still continues. I personally suffered, but that's nothing; I knew what to expect when I started this work, particularly when I entered Edmonton, the "Rome of the West."

The Klan that I sponsored in Edmonton grew gigantically, seven lodges were formed, headed by Shriners. Mayor Douglas was catering to Rome. At three o'clock the day before his election I dictated a special paper; at six it was out. One hundred boys were hired. Each was given 50 copies and five boys were allotted to a car. They went out as directed. Twenty-five cents and a card were given to each boy at the start. The return of the card means another twenty-five cents, so in one hour, by boys and cars, five thousand homes had a *Liberator*. At noon Douglas was conceded elected by 3,000 majority, but the final count showed Dan Knott as Mayor by 2,900 majority. The Canadian Press despatches gave the Klan credit the next day.

I have been criticized for letting every kind in the Klan. People say, "Maloney, you should have been careful of your membership and you wouldn't have been framed." To those critics I say: How could a man speaking every night, preparing lectures by day, answering an average of fifty letters, giving interviews to dozens, editing, financing and directing a newspaper, then give leadership to a huge organization? Besides, a committee of men who had lived in Edmonton for years and was in charge of initiations, these men should have known. I was a stranger and could not say who was worthy and who was not.

While directing these numerous activities at Edmonton, I had to give much attention to the surrounding

country as well. Camrose, Killam, Forestburg, Irma, Jarrow, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer, Stettler, Erskine and Ponoka were visited by me and public meetings held. The organizers of the Klan followed in my path and began forming outside locals, resurrecting old Klans in some towns and introducing new ones in others.

At Gibbons the French Roman Catholics seemed determined that I would have a rough ride in their town. I was equally determined that I would speak there. The Protestant minority at St. Eugenie School near Gibbons had been treated unfairly and feeling was running high. The posters went up—Maloney was to speak in Gibbons! I got an anonymous letter with an enclosed drawing showing the mutilation of my body in various parts if I dared to come.

Edmonton friends to the number of ten cars and five busloads accompanied me. Three mounties were also in attendance to permit free speech in a British country, and some people still wonder why Rome is doing so much in Quebec, where a man's soul isn't his own.

At Stony Plain, west of Edmonton, our friends were determined to block me. To this point it was necessary to bring a contingent and also police protection, particularly because the meeting was to be held in an upstairs hall. In fairness to the people of Stony Plain, I want to say that there the would-be rioters were brought in from some surrounding towns.

An incident, however, occurred at this meeting which I count as most significant, for it was on that night we had the spectacle of the terrible Maloney teaching a Roman Catholic student for the priesthood something of his own religion.

After Reverend Duncan McDougal finished speaking, I took the floor and a tall young man stood erect and challenged my work. Having advance knowledge who he was, I put the question, "Are you a loyal Roman Catholic?"

"I am," was the terse and firm reply.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You believe in the mass and that you must attend at least one every Sunday morning under pain of mortal sin which is eternal damnation?"

"I do believe all that."

"Then, Mr. Man, have you lived up to this command?"

"I certainly have," was the further reply.

"Well then, you have asserted that you believe in the Roman Catholic church and that you must go to mass every Sunday under pain of damnation and that you have gone practically every Sunday morning of your life. Now, Mr. Man, we have all this publicly from you, but the part I want to know is, can you tell me the meaning of the first twenty-five words of the mass?"

He hesitated and could not answer.

"Give me the Latin words at least," I repeated. Again he hesitated and couldn't answer. So I spoke these words, "*In nomine patris, et filii et spiritui sancti. Et introibo ad altare Dei*," which means, "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I will go unto the altar of God."

"Did you ever hear those words before?" was my question.

"Yes," was his sneering answer.

Every Roman Catholic mass throughout the world begins with the above words and this young man did not know them, yet he was studying for a priest.

Roman Catholics say he knew, but became rattled under Maloney's fire. I ask those same Roman Catholics, "How many of you know them?"

Our friend sat down, and I can still see the look of sincerity on the faces of those splendid German Lutheran citizens who packed the hall that night.

At Chauvin, when I left a meeting held for women only, several French-Canadian yearlings threw stones at our party.

I returned on the twenty-fourth of May, 1932, and spoke to 5,000 people in the open air when a fiery cross was burnt.

One night, when I tried to get off the late C.N.R. train at Wainwright, Alberta, a gang of hoodlums prevented my landing. I journeyed to Ribstone, returned to Edmonton, where a special train was organized, and on March 12, 1932, one of the largest crowds that ever assembled at the C.N.R. station in Edmonton saw me off on a special train of six coaches backed by several hundred aboard. We entered Wainwright peacefully, and another special train was run from the East at Ribstone. I spoke twice in one night and the Mayor welcomed me at a banquet. Thus we answered the Roman Catholics of Wainwright district.

Pictures may be seen of this spectacular event at two studios in Edmonton.

On my return to Edmonton from the sojourn below I was greeted by a huge gathering in the Memorial Hall. It sure was encouraging to see so many loyal faces in that audience, which gave me that added determination to carry on. Unfortunately sickness overtook me, and I had to go to the University hospital, where I remained seven weeks. Under the able attention of Dr. Emerson Smith I was on my feet again in June, 1933.

At this time feeling was running high over the promiscuous use of French on the radio, so from my bed in the hospital I dictated a petition form protesting to Ottawa against this abuse. Mr. W. Walford, past Grand Master of the L.O.L. of Alberta, directed the said petition to which ten thousand people attached their names. It went to Ottawa and caused the stir we intended it would. The results are now seen.

The Knights of St. George organized and today represent a good element.

In the fall of 1933 it was my privilege to debate with Mr. Joseph Adair on the advantages of the Union of the three Prairie Provinces under one government. I contended that union would not only effect a saving materially speaking, but a strengthening of the position of the farmers of the Prairies who are all interested more or less in the same occupation, and beset by the same difficulties and problems. Mr. Adair maintained the principle of separation. Today I hold that the four Western Provinces, that is, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, would be well advised to unite and have their own fiscal policy, as the interests of this part of Canada are such that you cannot have the same fiscal policy for the East as for the West. We in these four Provinces pay on the nose for everything, in the name of protection, and what do we get out of it? The East won't even buy our Alberta coal, choosing to go to Pennsylvania, U.S.A., for their anthracite, in which country they leave millions in dollars every year.

I could relate much on my court cases in Edmonton, but it is my intention to fight them over again in no uncertain way. Suffice to say they were pure frame-ups actuated by forces whose wrath I had incurred through fighting for principle and right. New evidence is continually coming to light and I am tempted to pen some of it here, but alas! the enemy would learn my hand and govern themselves accordingly.

Coming to the last scene in this story, I journeyed to Vancouver, where by the sound of the sea and amidst the quietness of Nature's grandeur, I am penning the last lines of this story, away from the din of former worries.

I am calm and collected on this last morning of writing. I see in the distance the rising sun, for darkness has disappeared and the night of disappointment is no more.

The chilly dew of despair is melting before the warm ray of the eternal lamp of hope. The sea about me is true to its name—Pacific—and as a gentle breeze wafts over the waters I drink deeply of the vivifying strength of my faith in God, saying in my soul of souls: there is hope—God is still in His Heaven and grace and mercy abound for the asking.

This wonderful metropolis, noted for its strategic position, well built homes, well regulated services, stalwart policemen whose courtesy and efficiency are nationally known, and nesting at the foot of the Coast range, has the second finest harbor in the world, and, from the viewpoint of tonnage, holds second place on the Pacific Coast. The vast country surrounding it is heavily wooded by the tall tapering Douglas Firs which rise majestic and immense, and remind one of the Eternal God by the remoteness of their stillness. At times this changes to a song of reverie when the winds play a tune which sways their forms to and fro, but ever they point upward, beckoning to the Author of all nature. To this vista of grandeur on the rock-bound coast of British Columbia, where one occasionally hears the roar of the breakers as they dash the western shores, now in, now out, reminiscent of the phase of life so well soliloquized by Napoleon as he once stood, watching the waves at old St. Helena, I came.

Amidst these scenes and places I wandered and found my inspiration.

July 12th, 1934, I had the honor to celebrate at Hastings Park with my Brother Orangemen. A strange fate put Doctor Anderson and me together on that day. I did not know he was coming and I am certain he was not thinking of my coming, for last year on the same day we were together at Macklin, Saskatchewan.

On the streets of Vancouver I have met many I knew in Manitoba, many who heard me in Saskatchewan, my

friends from Edmonton and even now and then some one from Ontario.

It seems to be a meeting place. A veritable get-together in summertime.

And in this setting I closed the last lines of this book.

The words I have spoken in the past are what I mean, what I believe, and what I will live. My opponents have a right to their opinions and I will always respect them, but Canada, the land of the maple, forest and stream, is my country and I love her.

No church, especially a foreign-bound one, shall hold her in its shackles, but, before writing finis to this long story, which began "down the bay" at old Hamilton and terminated at the sea, I wish to quote a few lines of Tennyson, and those who know me best will realize what I mean:

Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

The stately ships go down
To their haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Goodbye, good luck, till the curtain falls on the last scene of the last act, and God bless all till and when Journey's End is reached.





*He has achieved success who has lived well,
laughed often and loved much; who has
enjoyed the friendship of intellectual men,
the trust of good women and the love of little
children; who has filled his niche and accom-
plished his task, and left the world better
than he found it, whether by an improved
poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who
has not lacked appreciation of earth's beau-
ties, nor failed to express it; whose life was an
inspiration, and whose memorial was
a benediction.—SELECTED.*



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